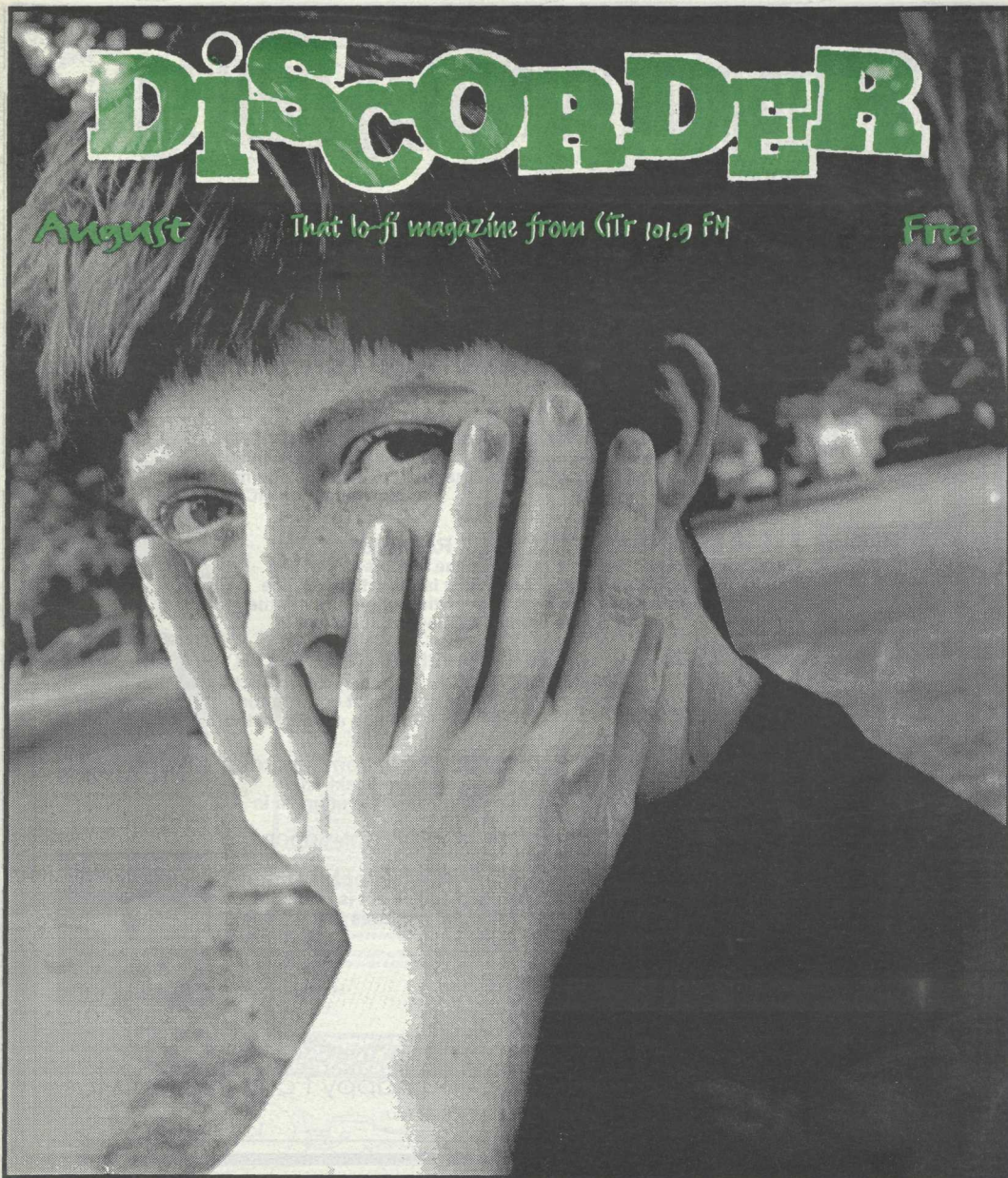


DISORDER

August

That lo-fi magazine from KTR 101.9 FM

Free



7 STEPS

TO INNER HAPPINESS & AURAL BLISS

NOFX Punk In Drubric (Epitaph)

One of the most full-on, over the edge, insane releases ever...
from the hardest working punk band of all time.



DOWN BY LAW punkrockacademyfightsong (Epitaph)

New line up and production team! Their best album yet! 17 of
the catchiest and most melodic punk tunes ever written!
Includes "500 Miles".

BIG DRILL CAR No Worse For The Wear (Headhunter)

Their first studio lp since '91 is a straight-ahead, hook-filled
12-song outing filled with 3-4 minute power-pop/rock gems.
(Co-distributed by MCA)



7 YEAR BITCH Viva Zapata ! (C/Z Records)

The album and its title are a tribute to the living spirit of Mia
Zapata, the murdered singer from fellow labelmate band The
Gits. *Viva Zapata !* shows a level of growth and maturity in their
songwriting / playing that is light years beyond their last lp.

BECK One Foot In The Grave (K)

Seventeen NEW songs from the prolific Beck.
Lots of cool guest contributors.
Don't be a loser, baby!



THE SMUGGLERS Wet Pants Club (Radiation Records)

Vancouver's favourite garage punk rockers are back! Their
second full-length dishes up 12 songs that are the ultimate in
party-riot rock 'n' roll.
LIVE (w/ BUM) SATURDAY AUGUST 6th @ THE COMMODORE.

CADILLAC TRAMPS It's Allright (Doctor Dream)

The band's reputation as an unparalleled live act is undisputed,
and their 3rd longplayer, *It's Allright* captures that essence.
A winner!



FURNACEFACE ! this will make you happy ! coming soon !



"In Need of Therapy Since 1987"

Discorder

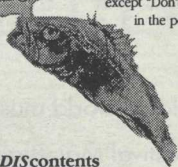
AUGUST 1994 ISSUE #39

DIScover

Thanks to some diligent and devoted work by resident photographer ERIC THORKELSON and our own design master, MARK PILON, recent Ottawa transplant WANDERING LUCY graces our cover this heat-soaked issue.

What else is there to say except "Don't pee in the pool!"

you're
I'm a yellow
ROCKERS



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DEADLINES: copy deadline for Sept. #40 is Aug. 8th. Ad spots are available until Aug. 17 and can be booked by calling Tania at (604)822-3017. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury or loss to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc (Mac preferred), in legible print or in type. As always, English is preferred.

From UBC to Langley and Spanish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard on 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock.

Call the CTR (DJ) line at 822-2487, our offices at 822-3017, our news and sports lines at 822-2477, fax at 822-9554, or write DISCORDER

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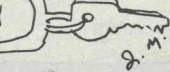
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Dear Disorder,

I know we've had our differences in the past but, now that I'm moving out of Vancouver, I admit I will miss reading yer mag every month. Yes, it's true! I'm leaving. Pret not, as I will be continuing my weekly column in *Terminal City*. I will also be operating my new record label (tentatively named Schluff...), a 'zine of my own, a mailorder/distro, and lots of other fun shit. Anyone interested can write me at the below address. Anyway, enclosed is \$15 for a one year subscription. Hi to Kim, Grant and Mofo, and good luck as new editor, Dylan.

Love,
Jason Schreus
7110 Westminster St.
Powell River, B.C.
V8A 1C6

Dear Disorder,
It's me again. Yes one of those Superconductor people. I must thank you for printing my letter. I got the exact response I wanted. So the joke is still on you.

Dear Disorder,

I want to win! My painful experience: The other day I took this massive swig of a Coke/Cream Soda Slurpee™ and I got a brain freeze

beyond description!
Jared

Ooh, brain freeze, ooh, ooh, I hate it! Only thing more painful is an unassisted labotomy, and we should know. Can you believe that 7-Eleven™ used the Slurpee™ brain freeze as a selling point? Modern marketing has indeed taken on malevolent proportions. We're with you, man.

Fair readers, instead of spending your hard earned dollars on corporate America digested as icy beverages, why not see some slick bands and support a good cause? Two opportunities to do just that are coming up this month.

First, on Aug. 6th, is Rock Against Prisons. Sponsored by the Prison Justice Day Committee, the Noon-7pm event features speakers, food, book and info tables, a raffle AND Tickle Trunk, Culture Hype Crew, Daughters of the Wind, Jeet Kiet Sai, Savage Talko, Insult to Injury, Murder Museum, Lash A&K, and the Dunderheads. Everything goes down at Grandview Park (1200 block of Commercial Dr.) and its FREE!

The very next day, Aug 7th, another scrumptious event is on at the Jericho Arts Centre. It's a benefit for the Pink Ink Theatre Company and for the low price of \$8/\$7, you can enjoy the music of Two Trains and the Lonesome Cowboys, a beer garden, baseball, sketch comedy, and storytelling. For \$15, you'll also get a salmon barbeque and a starlit dance. The action starts at 3pm and the info-line is 872-1861.

Life with the Family Fmlye

In my half-way I wandered, lonely as a crowd. I'm never lonely on my own, but put me into a party and I experience isolation, boating, and an anxious urge to entertain those strangers in my immediate vicinity with tales of my failures, humiliations and mishaps. These are much funnier and more numerous events than any successful ones which have occurred. Once, however, I learned that a woman complained to another that I was an egomaniac and had talked about myself all night! I would have talked about her, but for a complete lack of insight into her character due to only just having met her. I distilled this explanation down to a few words and said them to her in passing, causing her hair to jump an inch into the air. Another social malfunction attend...Wot's the matter, why can't you ever sleep? I dunno. I never know, actually. It could be wot's

troubling me at the moment; it could be that by next year it'll be obvious that it was something utterly else; or it could be a bit of the past stuck down my throat so that I cannot talk to you these days and nights. But I like you very much so I decide that I can no longer sleep because I am annoyed by birds. Alone in the hall for to get my shoes. I wander. I carefully tie up their laces, then leave them behind. It was merely a gesture, for it's slippers that are the most suitable for endeavours at 5:00 a.m. - just ask David Niven or Cary Grant. But should you ask if birds by any other feather will smell as sweet as heather in hot hill-side weather, then ask Poe, mad with woe as he was, he'd know and shroud the little birds in rotting, green words. Meanwhile you lie awry, silent, eyeing the lie, your sighing belying your slight smile. Oh, my. I creep down the backstairs armed with my suspicions. I think of other things one may do in slippers at 5:00 a.m.: Escape from house-fires;

Pinch neighbours' newspaper; Go to the loo in a foreign hotel; Adultery! And finally, make scrambled eggs. At the foot of my stairs my garden lies in a tiny square surrounded by weekend empties, parked cars, garbage bins, and an accumulation of cat pee. It's as charming and useless as putting a lacy pocket-handkerchief over a corpse. A corner shrub shows brazen red berries to the early sun. "Good god's knobel," I swear violently. I know birdfood when I see it, O.H. yes! I've read the figld-gings, I know a thing or two AND wot's wot. And then some! Unceasing the offending plant, I drop-kick it into the neighbour's driveway and retire slippers to my flat. Little birds must go elsewhere for food, there has never been anything quite as good at filling up aviarics as heaps of birds. I'm now absolutely certain that it was birds that were; that are; that will make me so unhappy. Seymour Emdlye

CONTESTS

CONTESTS

CONTESTS

P
N
K

"If we can't give it away, we'll eat it."

-Dylan Griffith, editor

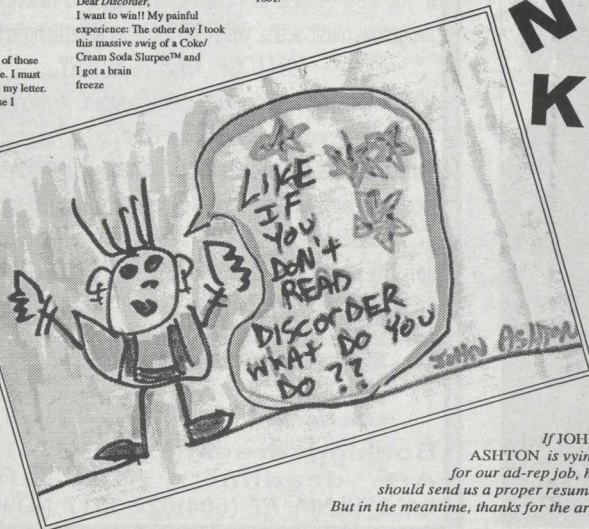
La Premiere, we've got 3pairs of tickets to the super-indie-Vancouver-charged Mini Summer Samba starring cub with special guests The Smugglers, BUM, and Pluto. The Commodore will be bouncin' August 6th and all YOU gotta do to find yourself in the thick of the jiggin' for FREE is to be one of the first three contestants to drop by CTR during office hours (Mon-Fri, 10-6) with this coupon in your hot little hand. You might want to call down to the station first (822-3017) to make sure the prize is still available.

GOTTA GET ME SOME
FREE TICKETS!

Please oh please may I have a pair of tickets to see
cub, The Smugglers, BUM, and Pluto Aug. 6th at the Commodore Ballroom?

El segundo, we have two organically exciting GRAPHIDE LOGIK special edition LP porno packages lined up for the first two people who mail us a postcard with their name, address and favorite graffiti slogan on the back. Send it to:
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If JOHN ASHTON is vying for our ad-rep job, he should send us a proper resume. But in the meantime, thanks for the art!



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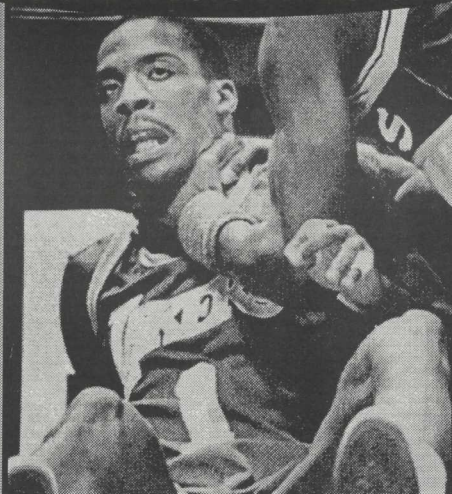
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DISCORDER

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Booking deadline: AUG. 12

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CALL TANIA AT (604)822-3017 NOW!!

VANCOUVER SPECIAL



AUDIO

The Nowhere Garden - 7"
Sort of garage-pop from the 60's or something like that. Almost has a Doors sound; that is if you listen to the Doors on 45 r.p.m. Ooops, pardon me, side B sounds like a Screaming Trees ballad. The vocals on both sides are void of comparisons - I don't know what the vocals remind me of. Weird Al Yankovic? (Planning Cow's Head Records 1319 Indian St., Bellingham, WA 98225 USA)

Meet Daisy - Schizophreniacousticcassette
I really liked this tape. As suggested in the title, it's an acoustic recording of four songs plus a Gordon Lightfoot cover. Sometimes it faded in the background and then caught me with a catchy melody. Great music to listen to while reading fanzines. I know they play live around the city - I think I saw 'em at a Shindig in the past, but I can't really remember. I think I liked them though. 4-track recording enthusiasts might also find a place in their heart for M.D. not just 'cause it's recorded on 4-track (I think it is, it sounds like it is) but because it's good. (Meet Daisy 747B 16th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5T 2V5)

Fracas - Grisy Lobby Display
I don't get it, is it the water? A Victoria band who sounds like... you guessed it, Nomeansno. John Wright (from N.M.N.) is credited as the Emergency Mix-Director, so maybe that has something to do with it. If you like N.M.N. you'll love this 'cause it's still quite fresh. The only other comparison would be to Victim's Family which just makes it sound like I stutter. Check it out. (Fracas

1812 Jade Place, Victoria, B.C. V8P 3E4 Canada)

Sineater - Pencil Neck 7"
Two new songs recorded in San Diego blasting out with a lot more punch than their last debut 7". A lot of pop that will probably attract the Bad Religion listener but with more of an edge that maybe Pegboy fans will like. Sineater just came back from a U.S. tour with Horace Pinker; both bands are now putting stuff out on Justice Records in Texas. Write Sineater at 471 Pemberton Terrace, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 1T6 Canada.



Insult To Injury/ Mexican Power Authority - split 7"

You know, sometimes you buy a record by a band you like and you're so anxious to hear it and see what's inside the packaging, the lyrics and whatever else that might be thrown in - and you get home, open it, and find nothing inside: no lyric sheet, no nothing. You play the disc and the recording sounds like a rush-job, there's only one song on each side and you feel ripped-off or at least let down. Well, not with this record. So much time went into this record, so much personality ooze out of the packaging, that I just have to smile, just like when you receive a swell letter from a long-lost friend in the mail. Musically you have four punk/hardcore songs from Insult To Injury - kind of touching bases with everything: slow,

fast, melodic, noise - yup, they play the field. M.P.A. are more of a hardcore/fusioncore(?) ensemble blasting out 8, count 'em 8, songs that are sometimes short to the point and sometimes silly. Support some local bands, (OK, M.P.A. are from Victoria, not Vancouver, but anyways...) It's only about \$3 in stores. (PO Box 21533, 1850 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, B.C. V5N 4A0 Canada)

VISUAL

(yeah, some of these are old, so what?)

10 THINGS (Jesus Wants You To Know) #666 (8 1/2" x 11" 28 pgs. \$2 ppd.)

Wow, I really like this 'zine. Good layouts, easy to read, lots of info and most of all, I actually agree with most of the music reviews. Interviews with Holden Moe, The Sinitier Six, Cherubs, Zeke, North American Bitch, 7 Year Bitch, and The Bomb Tumbler as well as 'zine reviews and what not. Lots of Seattle stuff, but hey, that's where it's from. Vancouver should have something like this. (#17-1407 NE 45th St., Seattle, WA 98105)

EMIT #3 (8 1/2" x 11" 16 pgs. \$2.00 (ppd.7))

I find this quite a peculiar 'zine in the past I've found it to piss me off. But I digress... The layout, well, it reads like a newspaper: bold headlines, catchy subtitles and then regular type. I know, I know, what's the deal? (Maybe I just like bitching - yup, I think that's it. Shut-up and let me continue). Sure, I can read it easily enough, and hell, the catchy headlines grabbed my attention. That's great, the National Enquirer does a good job of it too. It's just that having a computer doesn't mean you have to play by the rules. Shift, look at Raygun - I can't even read that thing, I just look at the pictures. Creative layouts make it fun for and people, like myself, to read a publication. Anyways, interviews with the Smugglers, Huevos Rancheros, and Therapy, plus reviews and the such. I liked the local 'zine directory. (PO BOX 2459, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3W7 Canada)

VAGUE #2 (7" x 8 1/2" 12 pgs. Free.)
Really creative layout here, all handwritten with pretty graphics all around - almost as flowery as your parents garden. So pretty. Short but free; dabble here, dabble there, local news that's kinda dated now, opinions, interviews with Staked Plain. I wish it came out more often; sadly it's a once in a blue moon hobby type 'zine, but there's not enough of them type 'zines anywhere. (669 East 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5T 2B3 Canada)

HOW LONG DO YOU HAVE (4 1/4" x 5 1/2" - it's all folded so

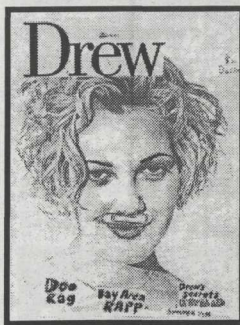
you count the pages yourself) Trick Kelly has probably put out or helped with more 'zines than anyone else in Vancouver. Sure, they may be a little itty-bitty in size but boy do they pack a punch. I think some of this 'zine has sneaked into her spoken word performances (which you should check out and see). My favourite quote: "I don't speak quietly so that you may hear yourself better." (No address - and I thought she remembered everything.)

FOREVER & A DAY #10 (4 1/4" x 7" 16 pgs. - free in person or send stamps.)

'Zine of the month, or should I say 'zine of the column 'cause I got it quite a while ago and just got around to reading it now. Photos and frantic scribbles with waves of pure emotion - got that? It is possible to put emotion into your work (well... maybe) and play. Take note, send a buck or something for a couple of issues. Feel the words go through you and drive it. Yeah. (PO BOX 95383, Seattle, WA 98145 USA)

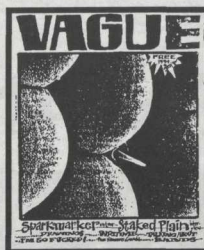
ROARING FORK DIGEST #1 and #2 (5 1/2" x 4 1/4" 12 pgs. - each free, or send some \$ or stamps.)

It's rather interesting how similar yet different each issue of R.F.D. is from any other. Issue #1 hit home with me: brief prose over photos that speak a million words - very inspiring. My favourite is a photo of two people in the rain, each with an umbrella and "we feel the need to turn ourselves against nature" written over the top. Issue #2 is much more long winded than #1 - and no photos. The writing is quite off-the-wall so maybe I just lost it. I really think the photos in #1 add character. #1 is a close second for 'zine of the month. (Glen E. Kuhn - R.R. #3, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan S6V 5R1 Canada)



DREW #1 (7" x 8 1/2" 32 pp. \$2)
Drew as in Drew Barrymore, that childstar (remember that girl in E.T.) turned super-model (see that giant jean ad at the bus shelter). That's right, a 'zine

kinda like...dedicated to her, but not completely 'cause there's lots of stuff on rap. Go figure - Drew & rap, hand in hand. Oh yeah, punk too. Know what? I like it. Yup, I like it a lot. Stuff not allowed in Drew 'zine - G.G. Allin, E.T., Alf, Peanut Butter Wolf and M.C. Hammer (not He's recently been calling his mailorder Spectroscopic Distro Machine and offers to 'bring those records by later' after you have paid him. Don't trust him. He's your name (as well as many others) for some kind of credibility, and I have never met him. Thru the mail he asks for cash (which is very common in the punk scene) or for blank monies (very suspicious). Four years ago he cracked me thru Maximamrocknet and offered to trade some record, and guess what, I sent him mine but he never sent him. He moved



PERSONAL

O.K. I'm making some space to warn people about a parasite who has come to live in our fine city. This is not a comment made in haste, this is information I have gathered in the past four years and the reason I'm printing it is because this person has already taken advantage of several people (that I'm aware of) in Vancouver, on top of his countless other 'victims' across the country. The name he goes by is Dave - usually David Gilchrist, but also David Goo, Dave Banthaven, and I'm sure a slew of other aliases. He formulates 'innocent' stories that are such petty lies that you don't question them, and then builds upon them to gain your trust. His main goal is to get you to give him money

for records (which he doesn't even have) or to just lend him money; he might even get you to trust him enough to 'pay you back' for those long-distance phone calls he made. He claims to be from Red Deer, Alberta but will throw in a slew of travelling stories. He seems to like saying that he used to live in San Diego. He's claimed to have played in bands like Hero and Supercondor (both untrue) when it's

believed that he doesn't even know how to play any instruments. He's involved with *Flashbombs* fanzine, which also has been his way of making contacts and advertising for his money mail-order which claims

to sell records (like Ebullition, Varmint, Final Notice, etc.) for as little as \$2 ppd. It all sounds so appealing and too good to be true - and it is. 7" cost \$1.10 for postage in the mail and they don't cost \$0.90 to produce, so it's impossible to offer those prices. It's a scam, watch out! He's recently been calling his mailorder Spectroscopic Distro Machine and offers to 'bring those records by later' after you have paid him. Don't trust him. He's your name (as well as many others) for some kind of credibility, and I have never met him. Thru the mail he asks for cash (which is very common in the punk scene) or for blank monies (very suspicious). Four years ago he cracked me thru Maximamrocknet and offered to trade some record, and guess what, I sent him mine but he never sent him. He moved

but gave me his new number; when I finally called him on the scam he refused to answer the phone. I phoned his 'parents' line and they informed me that they had nothing to do with him anymore and had no idea where he was. A year and a half later he ripped-off two of my friends in Calgary (one for \$170) and then he moved to Ontario where he seemed to start his phony mailorder scam and ripped-off another two friends (that I know as well). As you can see, he's moved here. Oddly enough, a friend of mine here in Van. was talking to me about this guy who was going to sell him some records that I might also be interested in. Turns out David slipped and used the same alias twice - David Gilchrist - and now I know he's here and what he's up to. So if you meet some guy with Pushhead tattoos and a hand-full off petty lies, be suspicious. It sucks that assholes like this can destroy the trust that the 'scene' is built on so easily. Don't believe anything, untraceable name-dropping, don't believe his lies. You've been warned. Take heed.

ALL AGES SHOWS

Saturday August 6th at
Crestown Traffic - 316 W.

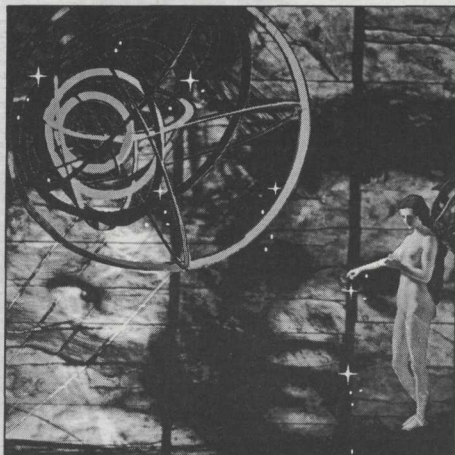
Alberta but will throw in a slew of travelling stories. He seems to like saying that he used to live in San Diego. He's claimed to have played in bands like Hero and Supercondor (both untrue) when it's

Sunday August 14 at Cates Park, North Vancouver
Under The Volcano Festival; tons of music and food and fun. From noon till night.

Sunday August 14 in Yaletown (Hastings & Hamilton)
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THE FALCONS

BY ROB HARRISON

I never was much of a morning person after I outgrew Saturday morning cartoons and discovered beer. Somehow, immolating my dough to a succession of pints and then laying between the sheets suffering the resultant damage until its allure after a few years. And even though I've now made the necessary modifications to my behaviour to enable an early rising, the hangover of my youth still prolongs my average wake-to-time time to a little over an hour.

Needless to say, I was kind of kinda caught off balance when Mike Beddoes, guitarist and leader of Vancouver's instru-ruff restorationists The Falcons, suggested a nine-morning interview. I accepted nonetheless, and as I sat eating brunch with Beddoes and his bandmates, rhythm guitarist Kim Clarke and bassist Gord Kearney (drummer Larry McGillivray wasn't present), at a Kelowna eatery, I decided to forgive them for being nervous people. Ranging in age from their thirties to early forties, these fellows aren't the typical people who would subject me to interviews to a purely agenda about their picaresque music. Rather a mature bunch, they've learned through experience to play music without indulging in the posturing and excess which are so common in the world of rock and roll.

Formed three years ago, The Falcons is the latest of several musical projects Mike Beddoes has been involved in. Back in the 60's, he played saxophone in the instrumental trio The Rogues as well as with the New Hampshire-based outfit The Gemmies. Then, with the death of the instrumental craze at the end of the 60's, he played out the scene close of that decade and followed on into the roadhouse rock and blues of the 70's and 80's. Most recently, he played in a group called the Dream Riders, whose demise came about as a result of the aforementioned excess: "We split up due to various prior commitments," recounts Beddoes. "I remember now: beer, heroin, cocaine and beer."

As inevitable as the implosion of that band may now seem, The Dream Riders did record a demo cassette which inspired Beddoes to

continue playing (*sans* record spewing). His first met future Falcons Gord Kearney at a Fairview Pub jam session and then ran into him again, literally, at the skating rink he was managing at the time.

"Two months later I get a call out of the blue about this Falcons thing," recalls Kearney.

A "blue call," Beddoes adds ominously.

Kearney, who works by day as the secretary of his construction company's local, followed blindly into Beddoes's endeavour but kept his ears and mind open. "I knew it was going to be an instrumental thing, but I had no idea what flavour, what direction," explains Kearney. "Once I got an idea of where it was going, I kind of felt in love with it. It's free flowing music. You don't have to work too hard on getting into it."

As with Kearney, Beddoes met Kim Clarke rather accidentally one day when Clarke, working at a restaurant to supplement his income as a photographer, served enchiladas to his future bandmate. Clarke admitted to Beddoes that he lacked practical experience in instrumental rock, but he was familiar with the genre nonetheless. "Living with the Falcons is my cousin's familiarity with the music," says Clarke, an expatriate Englishman. "I grew up listening to The Shadows and a lot of the English instrumental stuff that was happening in the 60's. Chris Rea, in *Here, There, and Everywhere*, and the great Bert Weedon, who was probably one of my great guitar influences in my younger days."

One of the major aspects of this vintage genre that both Beddoes and Kearney had to learn from Beddoes was the ability to conceive and create a song without lyrics, to translate spoken words into aural statements. "There's no language barriers with the lyrics," states Beddoes. "No instrumental rock is really universal. I get ideas based perhaps on a title or a lyric line to do it convey through the music itself. The melody can mouth those words. The words aren't spoken, so the music's got to say it for me."

Clarke also has a personal philosophy of instrumental

music, similar to Beddoes': "I would say it's a different approach for writing a lyrical piece. Lyrically, I find that very often you're influenced by title. You get a title, that's your song. But with a lot of these songs, sometimes it's a little guitar idea. Eventually you end up with a title that adheres itself to it. Once it has a title it takes on a life of its own."

Kearney, meanwhile, admits that he hasn't written much for the band, but still feels that he's been able to grasp the substance of their music. "I do sit around with a lot of progressions and come out with a feel. The music can go by itself. That's how I like to do it."

Once Beddoes had assembled a band, all that was needed was a name. The Falcons was derived partly from Beddoes's love of vintage gear and partly from his desire to harken back to simpler times. "I've got an amplifier called a (Gibson) Falcon and it also suggests the era we're trying to evoke about thirty years ago, when Falcons were Falcons and men were men."

With Clarke's Rickenbacker, Beddoes' Fender Jaguar and Kearney's Fender Precision, the band combined the sound of his big band sound of Duke Ellington with the effective tremolo style of The Ventures' great lead player Nokie Edwards to create a sound that is reminiscent of a period when burning rubber and eating hamburgers were still fashionable.

This sound has been captured on two releases so far, a self-titled cassette that came out in 1992 and *Fly By Night*, a six-song CD recently issued on the band's own Falcon Beach Music label. Both of these releases were recorded in, as Beddoes put it, "full living analog sound" inside the bedroom of his house (which is credited on the sleeve as Bedclothes Studios), a move that was prompted by financial necessity and Beddoes' familiarity with recording equipment rather than by any desire to make a lunch-box-as-purse type of fashion statement. "We could have gone into a bigger studio and come out with something that wouldn't have rounded a hell of a lot different from what we did," states Clarke.

Using a second generation four-track (a 1985 Audio Technica RMX 64), Beddoes was able to create a sound remembering that of the band's live performance. "I wanted a live sound," he says. "There are no real tricks, it's all really

depended on your ability." This claim notwithstanding, Beddoes did use some ingenious methods to stretch the channels with great clarity through techniques he learned from longtime local producers Doug Gysemann (of early 70's popsters The Poppy Family) and Robin Spurgeon (The Chessmen). One of these methods was to mic Kearney's bass amplifier with a 1959 Electro-Voice 644, a microphone that resembles a long-barrelled shotgun. Beddoes also employed a long delayed technique called double tracking, which is playing the same guitar part note for note on two different tracks with the same guitar, or, as in the case of "Wings Of Love", two different guitars, one electric and one acoustic. (Beddoes also used a vintage Gibson Firebird, a Les Paul and an Acoustic while making *Night*.) The finished cassette

was taken to a studio for mixing and mastering to enable its transfer onto disc.

Given that most of the great primordial surf rock of the early to mid-sixties was recorded on analog, I asked Beddoes if it necessary for to attain that vintage sheen. "I don't know if it's essential," he answered, "but it's easier. They're (engineers) not able to hear what I want to do. It's too foreign to them."

"Fly By Night" is beginning to make some inroads into college radio, a territory already familiar to instrumental-era inspired bands like Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet and Jivey's Rancheros. Non-mainstream radio outlets such as First Nations Radio and the CBC (who upon hearing the disc requested 36 discs for all of the network's affiliates) have been playing The Falcons, and Cargo Records is presently distributing *Night* across

Canada. A Dutch distributor, Roadhouse, recently added the disc to its catalogue, opening the door for a potential European audience.

As for Beddoes himself, he keeps busy with his Falcons responsibilities as well as serving as editor for *Live Wire* (4337 Percival Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3S4), a newsletter devoted to instrumental music. Beddoes' role as a preservationist in this present day job conserving vintage wood. Gruffin might have something to do with it) for the music of his youth can be read and heard, but he's not about to let his enthusiasm drive him to synthesize. "What was taking to do is take it as a point of departure from thirty years ago. We're not trying to sound like a retro band, but as a point of departure and take it from there."

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You gotta love band bios...anyways, PR proclamations aside, Offspring is a great band from Orange County, California featuring Dexter (Brian) Holland on vocals, Noodles on guitar, Greg K. on bass and Ron Welly on drums. Petra and Gemma, *Discorder's* Queens of Q&A, interrogated the band when they wandered into town recently; the low down follows...

Discorder: Are you all from Orange County?
Greg: Yes. It's a really cushy place to grow up - [a] real kind of conservative suburb. All the kids that grow up there get really bored and that's why they start punk rock bands and write about all that nasty stuff that goes on!

Any cool Orange County bands to look out for?
Greg: (thinking) The Voodoo Glow Skulls, kind of a ska band from Riverside, are pretty good.

When did Offspring start?
Greg: Brian and I started in '84 and Ron came in around '85. It's been the same line up since '86. It started off just more as a hobby sort of thing. It got serious around '86, '87.

What's the story behind Ron joining the band?

Brian: We had this drummer that was the worst fucking drummer - he was - but he was a friend. He couldn't play the song on the single ("I'll Be Waiting"), so I had to play the drums on it! He was in pre-med so he didn't really want to spend a lot of time going out of town. Eventually we got rid of him 'cuz Ron wanted to be in the band and Ron was a lot better.

Ron: I kept begging him and begging him, giving [the band] money...

Brian: And he was only sixteen then! When we wanted to take him on the road his mom made us sign a permission slip to take care of him! If he dies it's on my hands!

Smash is your second release on Epitaph: How's the label working out for you?

Greg: They're great. They do a lot of promotion and stuff. We're really happy with them.

What's Offspring's discography before *Smash* and the previous Epitaph release, *Ignition*?

Greg: We put out our own single in '87 and then we did an album with Nemesis on Cargo Records in '89 (called *The Offspring*). Cargo lost the rights to *The Offspring*, so we're just sitting on it. We only pressed a thousand copies of "I'll Be Waiting" and it took two years to get rid of that - we couldn't give 'em away! Both of the songs on the single are also on the first album.

Thom Wilson has produced all three Offspring albums - he obviously gets the sound you strive for.

Brian: We found Thom before the Cargo record. He's helped us a lot just getting things together in the studio and he helps to make it sound good. He's always been so much help to us so we've always wanted to use him for the next record. It's almost like [he's] another person in the band, as far as the studio goes.

Are you on tour right now?

Brian: We're doing weekends this month! It was so I could still go to school but it was too much, so I took a leave of absence anyways. None of us have jobs right now; fortunately, Epitaph helps us out a lot.

Do you have a predominantly all-ages following?

Brian: We do ninety-five per cent all-ages shows. We were originally trying to find an all-ages place for tonight, but [we] couldn't find one that fit within our schedule. Then we found out that SNFU (also on Epitaph) were also playing the same night that we wanted to play, so rather than compete against each other we decided to combine the shows. But I'm really sorry that all those kids couldn't get in.

Are any of you involved in any side projects or do any of you have your own label?

Brian: Greg and I are trying to start something up. We're going to put out one of our friend's bands - Guttermouth. They used to be on Dr. Strange Records, but I don't think anyone is familiar with that label.

What's up next for Offspring?
Brian: We plan to come back as soon as we can. Most of the summer is already booked for us, although it doesn't include Vancouver - hopefully in October when we go back out [on tour]!

BY PETRA & GEMMA

Montreal - Winnipeg - Chicago - Winnipeg - Montreal - Winnipeg - Ottawa - Winnipeg - Ottawa - Thunder Bay - Winnipeg - Edmonton - Vancouver - Seattle - Victoria - Seattle - Portland - San Francisco - Ottawa - Vancouver

True to her name, Lindi Coyne of Wandering Lucy shows up at our meeting place bearing the most comprehensive map of Vancouver that I have ever seen. On it she has marked off with large X's all the places she has been to in Vancouver thus far: the Starfish Room, various homes in East Van, and my house. She won't even take the bus with me to CTR until I mark it on her map.

Being the good little traveller that she is, Lindi always writes home. In fact, she is a compulsive letter writer.

"I love writing letters," she tells me, "especially to people I've never met. Every once in a while you have to write to someone you don't know."

"Like who?"

"Jale, Sloan, Juliana Hatfield..."

"Do these people write back?" I ask.

"Sure. Juliana Hatfield wrote me a letter on a recipe card. Flop didn't write back, though."

Lindi is actually a quasi-professional letter writer. She used to run Furnaceface's fanclub because, she says, as though she were uttering one of the major moral principles that guides her life, "I believe that anybody who writes a letter deserves a response."

Discorder: So do you have a fanclub?

Lindi: My parents say they're the presidents of my fan club. When they stayed up until 2:30 am they built Baker played me on *Nightlines* My Mom's grade eight teacher. She called all her students in the summer - to tell them I was on CBC. She also played my demo for her class. Ten kids want autographed copies.

You're pretty new to Vancouver, right?

Yeah.

Why did you move?

To go to art school. Initially. And also just for a change. And to play music some- where where I felt I might be a little more appreciated. Why else did I move? Basically because too many people in Ottawa hated me. It was time to leave.

Why? Did you do bad things in Ottawa?

I don't think I really did anything bad. I was just me. And a lot of people didn't seem to like that.

Bingo is really big in Ottawa.

Did you ever play Bingo Jet?

Actually, I played and I won.

What did you win?

I won a Lady Sunbeam hair kit. That's when I thought I might change my band's name to Lady Sunbeam. It's this hairdryer kit. It was one of those prizes that you are supposed to smash, but it came in such an excellent case that I was, like, "I'm not smashing this up." And everyone kept yelling, "Smash it!" You know how they are.

dangerous. I can't believe they basically blow it up right there in the bar. So I won this thing and everyone wanted me to smash it and I was like, "No way, this thing is too cool." It's this total old sixties thing. It looks like a purse Barbie would carry. It's scream colour with gold and it's in the shape of a tear drop. It's totally excellent.

Actually, I threw out the hairdryer part before I moved and brought out my art supplies in it. I was going to use it to carry my patch cords and distortion pedals and stuff like that.

What do you think of the Vancouver music scene compared to back in Ottawa?

Well, it seems really big, but everybody tells me that it's just a matter of time... once you get to know everybody like you do anywhere else it doesn't seem as big any more. There definitely seem to be way more out of town bands coming here.

Do you have a favourite Vancouver band?

Not really. I want to go see Pluto. I can't really say. Only know a couple of bands from here. I really liked the Snugglers when I saw

them the other night.

How did you manage yourself an opening gig at the Starfish so quickly? That's pretty impressive; you've only really been here a month.

It's pretty lucky actually. It's just who you know, I guess. Lisa from cult really liked my tape. One of the things (toys) take this it's just her and a drummer, and then cult is three women. So it makes for a neat whole evening: three bands that will go together pretty well. Mecca Normal were supposed to do it and then they cancelled so Lisa asked me and I said, "For sure!" I played the drums all afternoon because I was so excited [and] I needed to expend all this energy.

You're playing solo, right? Do you find it scary to be alone on the stage all by yourself?

Yeah, it totally is. It's really scary if you make a mistake, especially for me because I'm not a good guitarist in the traditional sense and I probably won't ever be because I'm not learning that way. I'm learning in my own style and I don't want to take lessons because I don't want to mess up my style. [But] I'm less nervous now; I can pick myself up quicker.

The solo thing is kind of a drag sometimes. I'm always running to one of my roommates and saying, "What do you think of this?" because I don't really have bandmates to go. "No, I don't like that." I think it would be kind of nice to have people to sound ideas off of.

So you haven't done much in terms of group projects?

Well, I've only been playing guitar for a year and a half. I was going to be in a band with these girls, but they had their guitars tuned to open E and I just showed them where to put their fingers. Pam and I - and with Ratboy [Lindi's old roommate] - are the only times when I've collaborated with writing music. And with Ratboy we just sort of jammed. My ultimate gig would be to play with these two guys called Squirrel Boy and Gristy Boy. I want to have a band that I write the music for and those two guys are the singers and they just do whatever I don't care - because they're so nuts.

Why'd you choose to go solo?

I didn't really. I wanted to be in a band, but nobody seemed really into it. And then Ratboy just brought me a drum machine and said, "Why don't you play with

this," and I just started writing songs and I thought, "Hey, this is my new thing." I played it for them and they said, "Open for us." And then everybody wanted me to open for them, I'd lead - they hadn't even heard it. I guess they just thought it was a funny thing - brought me to Montreal and Toronto and played at Lee's Palace and stuff. It just sort of took off from there.

We've been having all this trouble finding your demo cassette. Do you have any plans to release anything else in Vancouver?

Yeah, I'm re-releasing my cassette on seven inch because I only got sixty cassettes made and that was all to my friends, so nobody who wasn't my friend got a chance to hear it. The seven inch should be out late August. A friend of mine is lending me the money and I'm just putting it out on my own. Hopefully by the end of '94 I'll have something else out on seven inch. I've got a bunch more songs already that I could record any time.

How would you describe your music?

That's kind of hard. It's kind of surf-poppy. There's nothing that unusual about it. It's just me playing guitar. The drum machine adds a lot to it, but I mean, I don't really have anything to do with that. I just press these little round buttons on it and it does whatever.

You write all the songs and lyrics.

Yeah.

There's this one song on your demo that reminds me of the title of the new Sonic Youth album *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star*. It's called "Yearly Fab and Effect 17." What does that mean?

That song - I called it that because I had a book where I was writing down my songs and I try to date them. For that one I wrote "early feb." I was just playing with the words and I changed it into Yearly Feb and then Yearly Fab. And then Effect 17 is that little scaterbird sound that we produced in the studio with computers. Originally it was two songs.

I just find that I'm not one who has a way with words, so I just put words together that don't make sense and don't mean anything and people say, "I want to know what you're saying in that song."

And I just say, "You'll never be able to pick it up," because it's not a sentence at all. It's just a bunch of words together, so of course the songs are about nothing.

Why are you Wandering Lucy and not Wandering Lindi?

Because I didn't want my name on it. The morning that I phoned Proust and said, "Can I open for you?" and he said, "Yeah," my friend Jackie and my room mate Ratboy were there so I asked them what my band's name should be. Jackie said, "Why don't you call it Wandering Lindi." Because she had heard the first song on the tape - the real Western one - and I said that I didn't want my name in it. So Ratboy said, "Why not Wandering Lucy?" [and] I said, "That's it."

So am I allowed to mention your real name in this interview?

Yeah. I don't mind if people use my real name in interviews. I just don't want it on posters everywhere, especially in Ottawa, which is so small. I also want to be able to separate stuff: sometimes I'm Lucy; sometimes I'm not. I'm a person and a band. Having different names helps me keep things separate.

It sounds like, from our conversation before, that you are a kind of wandering person.

You toured with a carnival. Yeah, I worked at the old Edson place where people can dress up in old fashioned clothes and get their photo taken. I worked for a company that travelled with the carnival. I slept on the grounds in the back of a truck for three summers. It was like something to tell my kids about at Thanksgiving, that's for sure.

Are you actually wandering now? I mean, do you plan to stay in Vancouver for a while or is this just a pit stop?

Yeah, I have plans to stay here. I came out here to go to school. A lot of stuff and then I thought about them after I've done them, but I'm going to be here for a while.

WANDERING LUCY

BY KRISTEN

WANDERING LUCY

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One of the many highlights of the recently held Vancouver International Jazz Festival was The Mighty Clouds of Joy, a pioneering gospel quartet who mix contemporary R&B with traditional African-American gospel music. Lead by Joe Ligon, one of the finest singers in the world, The Mighty Clouds of Joy also features three other exceptional vocalists: Wilbert William, Richard Wallace, and Michael McCowan. The group played an inspiring and energetic concert to a sold-out Commodore audience, after which I caught up to Joe Ligon to talk about some of the things that have gone down on the Gospel Highway.

THE MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY

INTERVIEW BY VINCE YEH



Discorder: First of all, I'd like to thank you for that inspiring program.

Joe Ligon: Thank you. Thank you very much. We're so happy to be here.

We're having a good time and the people in Canada are receiving us so great and we thank them for the way they received us tonight and the last two nights, and we've got four more nights to go, so it's just great.

Mighty Clouds of Joy performs everywhere and to every type of audience: is it important for you to take gospel outside of the church environment and bring it to the people?
Yes it is, because a lot of people don't go to church. We take gospel everywhere, you know, we'll go to nightclubs, ballrooms, it doesn't matter. We believe

when Jesus walked down here before he went home to be with his father, he didn't pick certain places to go. He went where he was needed. So we feel that we've got a song for everybody and we take it wherever we think we can spread our message and that's what we've always done and that's what we always will do.

In the early days, you used to tour a bit with Rev. Julius Cheeks (of the Sensational Nightingales), what are some of the memories that you can recall from those days?
When you mention him you notice the smile on his face. Rev. Cheeks was my idol, my mentor. I used to sit and watch him as a young boy, before I made my first record thirty-four years ago, and I never saw a man who could captivate an audience like he could. He could go on stage and just stand and look and say

certain words and it would get so quiet. People would just listen to what he had to say. He gets on stage and says the same thing that some other singer had said, but he said it in a way where you knew it was his way. I've idolized him, I've met him. I had a chance to sing with him on stage and in the studio and I must say that he taught me a lot. A lot of things I'm doing today, he was my teacher. I loved the man dearly and there'll never be another Rev. Julius Cheeks.

Well, other people like Ira Tucker and the Dixie Hummingbirds, do they influence you?

Sure, the Dixie Hummingbirds are pioneers of gospel music. Ira Tucker - [who] I also heard as a young kid and he's still singing today - still has all of that tremendous voice that he had many years ago. I was just informed today that [the Dixie Hummingbirds] lost another member, I just found out today. One of their members recently passed. I think he was their old tenor - high tenor; I believe his name was Beachy Thompson. I just heard from California - one of my members called home to his mother and she said, 'we lost another one of the Dixie Hummingbirds' - we lost James Walker, one of the lead singers recently, who was one of my best friends. All the guys are my friends and I hear just recently that we just lost another member. But those guys were the pioneers, they travelled sixty-five years and life has treated them well, but yes, Ira Tucker was also one of the people that I studied [and] listened to. But nobody can sing like Ira Tucker.

Well, they're all singing for the Lord in heaven now.
That's right, they're going to a better place. I'm sending my prayers for their families but there are three of them still going strong. I saw them recently, oh yeah. They're still going and I hope they will continue to go on and on because they inspired groups [like] the Mighty Clouds of Joy to be out here like we are today.

How did you get to know Aretha Franklin? You recorded an album with her.
I sure did. Aretha is one of my best friends. I have to say that because her father was my godfather, Rev. C.L. Franklin.

Really?
Oh Yes. He opened doors for the Mighty Clouds of Joy in many ways; he took us on our first major tour, Rev. C.L. Franklin. I got a chance to meet Aretha as a young girl and a few years ago she called me. She calls me Ligon. She says, "Ligon? I need you to come to De-

troit to my father's church. We need to make a record together." And you talkin' 'bout a tremendous time. I had a beautiful time. We recorded one of my songs which the album won a Grammy for, "I've Been In The Storm Too Long," a song that we did here tonight. We recorded many songs together: "Packing Up Getting Ready To Go," old Clara Ward, a Star of Faith song. We're still friends - whenever I see her she hugs me. I saw her at the Grammys two years ago; we won a Grammy for "Pray For Me," my third Grammy I believe it was. And ah, that's how I met her, when her father took us on tour many years ago.

Groups like yourself who once travelled on the gospel highway, you guys were met with some difficulties such as poverty, and racism. What keeps you going all these years to stick with gospel music?
Well, number one, we love the Lord. We went through the era when Dr. King was out there. We went to hotels where we couldn't stay, because we were black. But we know that it was going to get better [and] now we stay at the same hotels and we have no problem. Anything worthwhile is worth working for, and we knew the song that we sing, "There's A Bright Side Somewhere." We knew, even in the '60s when we couldn't even sit in the restaurants [and] we couldn't stay in certain hotels, we knew that it wouldn't always be that way and we thank God, who sent us Dr. King, who went up, got beat up, who got dogs turned loose on him, waterhoses loose on him - but he stayed in the race until someone assassinated him. But he opened doors for his people.

We went through hard times - we didn't have very much money, I had an old raggedy car and all this, but we kept believing that God was able and that God would make our way and today we travel in our own bus and we stay

families and God is just good. And I say that to you and to the people here tonight in the club. God is a good God, and we trust him and we're gonna sing on until we can't sing any more.

Alright! You received many Grammys and many other recognitions. But for you, personally, what is the greatest reward for singing gospel?

My greatest reward was ah, I was at a program in Rochester, New York and a man came up to me who said, "I wasn't a Christian at one time." He said, "I was going to kill all of my children and kill myself." He said, "I was at the end of the road for me, I was going to commit suicide." And he said, "through your singing ministry and your records, I'm saved, born again Christian." That was better than the Grammys, better than the Stella, better than the Dove and better than the Tony award, to hear a man say I'm living today because of the Mighty Clouds of Joy singing. There will never be nothing in my life no greater than to know that I inspired somebody to keep on living.

What a testimony! Well, you tend to mix up musical style quite a bit: Do you have a particular style that is your favourite?

Well, yes, my favourite is like one of the songs I just sang tonight. I recorded it once [and] I'm gonna redo it, [it's] called "Nearer My God To Thee," an old Soul Stirrers/Sam Cooke song. [It's] an old song that even my grandparents sang before there was a Sam Cooke and the Soul Stirrers. Songs like that are my favourite songs. But, you know, everything changes:

cars change, clothes change, people change. Mighty Clouds of Joy has stayed around for thirty-four years because we were able to change with the trend. We change

- we came with a different code of dress, different music, different style of singing. We was one of the first groups to do contemporary gospel, way before they had

a name for it. There were no Take Six, there were no Winans, there was no Commissions, there was no Hawkins Family singing when we started recording contemporary gospel; we were one of the first groups to do it and we changed because we saw the change coming. People used to get angry when we sang "The Ride To The Mighty High!" now they request [the song], saying, "do 'The Ride To The Mighty High,' do 'Time,' do 'Love In The World.'"

So what has kept us afloat [is that] we have been able to look ahead of us and see the change in music, gospel music, and that's what has kept us around. We're playing to an audience now that we never dreamed that we would be playing to. We crossed the line into the white audience and to all types of gospel singing; folk are coming from everywhere to hear The Mighty Clouds, and we give God all of the glory and the praises.

Tell me about your new album.

Yes, we're getting ready to go into the studio. We don't know the name of it yet. We're going to record it and whatever we feel is the best song on the album we will name the album after that song. We're gonna be going into the studio very shortly. And everybody can look for a new album on The Mighty Clouds of Joy on Intersound Records. We're excited. We've got some great material, great songs that we're gonna be recording real soon.

NARDWUAR THE

Nardwuar: Who are you?
Beck: Uhhhhhhhh. I don't know. You are... Beck.
Uh, who do you think I am? I'm Nardwuar. Do I sound like a vietnam...
Uh, okay.
And you're Beck, live on TV. Nardwuar the Human Sex-Inter-Show has been where you phoned in last night now I'm here earlier your manager said you were... sleeping!
Umm, I'm in San Francisco. Your management actually thought you were in Nevada! They thought I was in Nirva—in Nevada?
Yeah!

Okay. Well, I was. And now you're back in San Francisco!
Now I'm in San Francisco. Your manager has a 1-800 number! That seems interesting. Yeah, I don't know about that. That's pretty crazy, eh? Having a manager who has a 1-800 number!
Yeah, that's crazy. What exactly, Beck, did Woody Guthrie do?
He sort of wandered around and watched how people were taking out their garbage and where they were putting it and he would bang on his guitar and, uh, make people look backwards and uh...
Why was he so great? Why do you really like him? I don't know very much about him. What's so great about him?
Well, he was bringing out some honest human natural communication, and you know, in a time when a lot of that kind of stuff was suppressed.
Was he a one-man band?
Uh, yeah, but he played with other people. He played in bluegrass bands and he played in different folk combinations and combos and all sorts of stuff.
What about Hasil Atkins?
He's the guy who does that hot dog

song.
Now, he seems to be the ultimate performer with that total Pussycat sound! Isn't he better than Woody Guthrie?
Uh, well he's different, you know. Hasil Atkins... actually, you know, Woody Guthrie was great for the people. He had a social agenda. I think Hasil was more of a flinging his hat and swangin' stuff like that.
Have you ever seen him before or heard his live albums on Prava or Norton Records?
Yeah, I've heard his stuff. Actually, a good friend of mine made a documentary about him and he showed me all this footage. There is this amazing scene where he is playing in this honkytonk — this was made

about a year or two ago, and he's an older man now — and he's playing and he does this one-man band thing. He plays the drums with his feet, and harmonica, and he's playing the guitar. And he lets a girl sit next to him on stage, and in the middle of the set, a big brawl breaks out between all these women over who is going to sit on stage and they're all grabbing each other by the hair. It's all kinda strange and he's just looking on, playing his music.
Is the guy who made that movie from

Olympia?
Yes, well no, he went to school in Olympia.
Just like that Hole song!
Yeah. Actually, his name is 'Hasil Atkins', not 'Hazel.'
Oh, in Canada we like calling him 'Hazel.' Did your friend make a Beat Happening video, too?
Yeah, he sure did.
What's his name, and can people get ahold of that movie?
The Hasil Atkins one?
Yeah.

I have no idea. I don't know if they can get ahold of it. I don't think it's been released.

And your friend's name...
Beck...
What?
What?

your friend's name who made the movie?

Oh, his name's Julian. Beck, do you get bored much? Umm, I don't think so.

I mean, are people expecting your type of show when you get on stage since the media sort of portrays you as the 'born to be weird type' as *Impact* magazine did in their May 1994 edition? So like when people arrive at the gigs, are they ready for something weird or can you actually surprise them?

Um, I think it's a little of both, you know. It's like, each person in the audience has some own expectations and all that stuff so, you know, it's different.

But don't you ever feel like when you get up on-stage and you finish and maybe you don't play the big hit "Loser," everybody in the audience loves it because you are rebelling. Like, the record execs are like, "I just love that guy Beck. He is just so wacky, he won't play his hits when people want it." Doesn't that make you feel weird?

Um, wow, I mean, I don't even know what to say. Can you say that again? You've got some kind of like fire in your groin or something.

No no, I'm just curious, Beck. You get onstage there and a lot of the time, the industry execs who probably signed you, signed you because you're wild, you're wacky, you're way out there. So when you get off-stage after performing on, say, *Top of the Pops* or being on MTV with Thurston acting really wacky, you can get offstage and instead of the industry execs going, 'Man, Beck made a fool of us,' they're like, 'All right, that wacky Beck guy.'

They can use this in marketing. MCA Records put out a video of the out-takes of you from MTV doing station IDs. A lot of artists — like Alice Cooper, for instance — would be ashamed to show their mistakes but they're not afraid to show your mistakes. They sort of love it when you're wild. How does it make you feel? Does it make you want to go normal?

Yeah, sometimes I'll dust off the old hymnal and play a few organ songs, "Nearer My God To Thee," and a few other classics, "Rock My Amadeus." And, um, you know, sometimes the wackiness just sort of implodes on itself and, uh, you end up doing a few John Denver covers by accident.

Have you ever listened to early *They Might Be Giants* at all? No, I'm not into that stuff. Because *They Might Be Giants* had the initials TMBG which is like four letters. And the band Ween has four letters. And so does the name Beck, Beck. Is there any correlation there? Like, don't you think Ween might have ripped off *They Might Be Giants* and you maybe ripped off Ween? Or maybe you were in the same company as

Nardwuar: Hello?
Toby (Cooper's Manager): Yeah, Nardwuar? It's Toby still. You're just about ready? We've got about ten minutes or so?

Ten minutes. Okay.
Because we have to leave for a flight to Montreal. I just want to make you know when he says he's gotta go, it's 'cause we gotta go. Heh heh heh heh...

Okay, so I'll make it quick. Yeah, it may go over a couple minutes, but he'll let you know.

Okay.
So hold on. The next thing you speak to will be Alice Cooper.

Great!

Okay.
[pause]
Alice Cooper: Hello?

Hello.
Hi.

Hey stoopid, who are you?
Heh heh heh. Now, wait a minute. How do I take that?

Hey stoopid, who are you?
[pause]
Who are you?

Are you talking to me?

Yeah, I am. Maybe we should start over again, Alice. Hey, Stoopid, who are you?

[pause]

Toby: Hello.

Hello.

It's Toby.

Hello, Toby.
What's going on?

No, I was just saying "Who are you?" to Alice Cooper and I was hoping he would say, "Alice

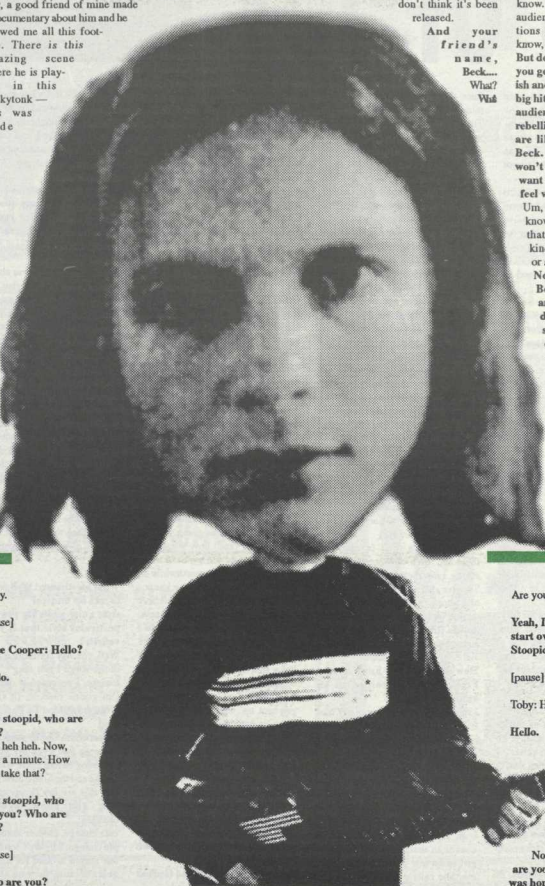
Cooper!"
Yeah, but is this an interview or a game we're playing?

No, it's like an interview. It's like, "Who are you?" "Alice Cooper."
Right. But we know that.

Yeah, well, but I was hoping that he would be able to say that.
Pardon?

I was hoping that he would be able to say that.
And why is that?

Just because I like to begin interviews with, "Who are you?" so we can play it back on the radio and...



HUMAN SERVICE



them. You are four letters!
Yeah, it's probably like some kind of a spiritually bankrupt circle jerk or something. I don't know.
Have you heard of *Señor Amour* and the Molotov Cocktail Hour at all?

Yeah, sure, he was over at my house last week as a matter of fact. He does a show on KXLU?

KXLU, right.
What type of show is it? Is it some type of lounge show?

Yeah, he just plays all that wayward faraway tropicalism, you know, lounge Martin Denny exotica.
And he hangs out with Joey Cheezy as well...

Yeah, yeah.
...who is known for his great hits "Whole Lotta Love Boat" and "Sweet Child of Mine."

Right.
A friend of mine dropped by KXLU and saw a letter you had written to the station and it seemed to be you were upset the station wasn't playing you because they said they weren't going to play Beck because you were getting played on KROQ which is I guess the big commercial radio station. Beck, explain that letter please.

Well, you know, I've been playing on KXLU for years. I've been playing all their fund-raisers. I've been listening to the station since I was fourteen. You know, the music they play is the music I'm into. I don't know, I've supported the station for years and it's been a part of my music and everything. It's like...they played the song on their own. It's not like I asked them to. They played it so I kind of felt like I was in a weird position where, you know, KXLU was the first station to ever play "Loser" so it's in some ways it's as much their fault as it is mine because I sure didn't...
So they didn't want to play it after you got played on KROQ?
I guess not. I don't know.
They banned you then in some sense.

Yeah, but they took that down. They're playing it now.

So, in the United States of America, how much airplay did your "Loser" song get?
You know, I don't really listen to the radio except for KXLU and the jazz station, so I don't know.

How many college stations were aware of you before your DGC...
Probably not that many because we only put out "Loser" locally around L.A. We only made four hundred copies of it. We didn't get a chance to even put it out...
You were a local phenomenon like Dick Dale was in the '60s and then you just exploded.

Yeah, or imploded. I don't know.
Because in Canada, you know, it's sort of the opposite because your label DGC records - do you know any Canadian bands on DGC or Geffen?
Canadian bands. I don't know.
From Halifax? That band, your labelmates?
No, I don't know.

Slooo!
I don't know.
Well, in Canada, it's sort of the opposite. Your label is trying to push you from commercial radio -

where you're being played right now - to campus stations where you have never been played before in Canada. DJs on college radio in Canada are having Beck pushed on them and they never knew Beck before. It's sort of weird since you had started on campus radio in the States, but in Canada, you're starting on commercial radio and your label is now trying to go to campus radio. That's really weird.
Well, you know, it's a weird thing, you know. It's like I never got the chance to put out anything, you know. K Records was going to put out my record three, no, two years ago, but nobody ever got around to it. And then stuff just started happening too fast.

But K Records is going to put something out now, right?

Yeah, they're putting out an LP for me.

And you're going to be playing the Yo-Yo A Go Go Rock Fest up in Olympia?

Yeah. Sure am.

I think people adore you on commercial radio and TV in Canada - and on the Nation's Music Station, MuchMusic, where we all enjoyed you on The Wedge. They all really seem to love you, Mr. Beck Hansen. Is Hansen your last name, Beck?

Yes.
They seem to love your hair, number one. Do you like your hair?
I don't give a shit about my hair, you know.

It has a nice part down the middle though.
I have no - you know, I don't care. It's hot, though. And the second reason people like you, Mr. Beck Hansen, is that you say, "Why don't you kill me?" in your song. People just love to sing, "Why don't you kill me?" They love that catchphrase in commercial radio. And the third thing is that you have a coffin and a squeegee

on fire in your video. Those are the top three reasons for people in commercial radio in Canada loving you.
Those are pretty foul reasons, I guess.
And now they are trying to push you to campus radio in Canada, which is quite interesting.

Yeah. Well.
Come on, Beck, speak up! You're the Voice of a Generation!
Heh heh. Rock Me, Amadeus. You know, I don't - what the fuck?

So, Beck, you're coming to Vancouver soon. Who is the Prime Minister of Canada?
How is the Prime Minister of Canada?
I don't know.

Should you be allowed to play this concert if you do not know who the Prime Minister of Canada is?

Probably not. You should all ban me. I shouldn't even be allowed to... breathe.

His name is John...
Chret...
Oath/Jesus.
Can you name any Canadian Prime Ministers at all, Beck? Do you have any Canadian friends?

No.
Not any?
I have no friends.
No Canadian friends?
I have no friends at all.
Beck, why should people care - Except for you.
- why should people care - You're my only friend.

Me, Nardwuar the Human Serviette! Thank you, Beck. Why should people care about you?
I have no idea, you know.
Beck, speak up, Voice of a Generation! Speak up! Why should people care about you? It certainly isn't -
I have no reason.
Hopefully, they are not, according to you, caring about your hair, your song "Why Don't You Kill Me?" (sic), and a coffin and a squeegee on fire in your video.

Oh man, you're just making... You're just... Oh, just fuck off.



Oh, so this is taped...

Right.
Nobody told us that this was being taped for a broadcast.

Oh, yeah, for a broadcast and... We were told this was for a magazine.

This is for a magazine as well as for a broadcast.
Okay. Well, you see, we didn't know that.

Oh, okay. So I guess we should just stay alone, then.
Okay, and what are we doing?

I just said, "Who are you?" to Alice Cooper. I was hoping that Alice Cooper would say, "Alice

Cooper!"
Okay, and then what happens?

Then I will ask some more questions.
Okay. Okay. (off the phone): He just wants you to introduce yourself on the tape. I guess we didn't get that. Okay, here you go.

Alice Cooper: Hello.

So, Alice Cooper.

Okay, do it again.

Hey, Stupid, who are you?

This is Alice Cooper.

So, Alice, where were you on January 1st, 1944?
947 January 1st, 1944? I didn't do it, whatever it was.

Weren't you with Willie Nelson at Bill "Microsoft" Gates' wedding?
No.

No?
I never made it.

No?
I was invited. I met him just about a week after the wedding.

How did you meet Bill Gates?
I never met Bill Gates.

How did you get invited?
I have no idea.

Was that through golf?
No. I never met Bill Gates. I didn't even

know who Bill Gates was until after I read it in *Time Magazine*.

But you were invited though to his wedding?

Yeah, isn't that odd?

He's from Seattle, just like

Chris Cornell.
I don't - Oh, this is a cosmic connection there! And he's a real co-conspirator on your new *Love, Me Tender* record. Yeah, he is. He is. But I don't think Chris Cornell ever met Bill Gates.

He might have been at the wedding...
Oh, wait a minute! They both have

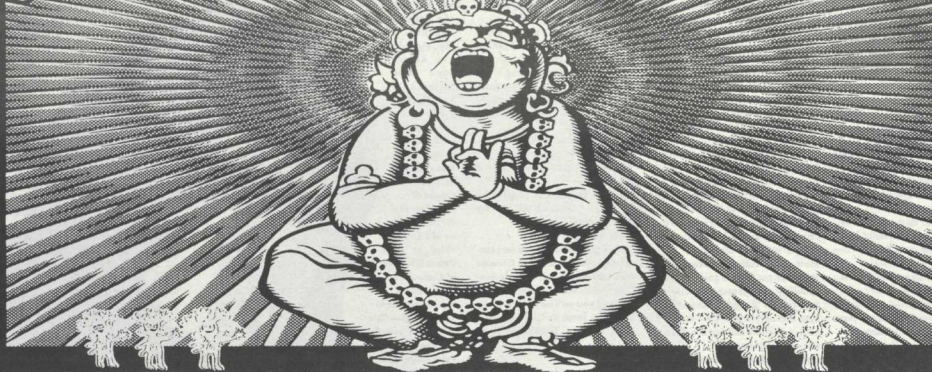
electricity at their house!

Alice, do you still keep in touch with your old golfing buddies Peter Falk and Mike Douglas at all?

[click. Dial tone.]

Hello, Alice? Hello, Alice? Hello, Alice Cooper? Alice Cooper?

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I've been reading *Disorder* forever. I mean, I'm as old school as it gets - I didn't just happen to pick up a seven inch one day, I invented the damn thing. So, being as old school as I am, you can imagine how annoyed I get when these kids like little Grant Lawrence pretend they know something about vinyl. I finally lost it a week ago: Grant was at a show and I heard him mouthing off about something. I can't even remember what he was saying since the fit of rage that he inspired in me erased all memory of everything except the red curtain of anger that blinded me, followed by the frantic voice of the waitress saying, "Someone call an ambulance!"

Anyways, with two black eyes and a broken arm (his writing arm), Grant was in any condition to do his column. He claims to be out on tour but I think his parents sent him and his Smugglers on a month's vacation to recover from the "emotional trauma" of my assault. Remember, you got the true story here first!

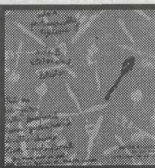
I'd really like to hate the Smugglers - Grant is their singer after all - but I can't. Music does indeed soothe the savage beast and those boys are just too damn good at the party pop-punk thing for me to hate them. In fact, I'd heard their most recent release with the Hoods a week earlier, I may have been easier on little Grant. The Hoods, however, are a different story: I could definitely do without them. (Smugglers, c/o 2874 Bellevue, West Vancouver, BC, V7V 1E8)

But enough about that, let's get on with some new good things...or should I say *New Bad Things*? The first time I heard this band, I hated them. I had envisioned NBT to be punk like Rancid. When I heard horns and electronic pianos, I was confused. But considering all the generic punk/hardcore out there, it is refreshing to hear skilled musicians that still have a light-hearted approach as opposed to the frustrated white boy so loudly heard in hardcore

and punk. I love "Robin Hood" and "Chewbacca." The flip side is a tad too groovy for me, I

have to admit; "Laverder" is far too Zeppelin or Floyd, or some other yucky thing my parents listened to when I was a child. If my music is going to sound retro, I prefer it to be the jangly 60's SF Seals variety. I've decided that "Don't Underestimate Me" will be the national anthem for my own little country called Trishland - "Don't ever think that I am just another girl, I'll prove it to you when I'm at the top of the world!" Yeah! (Candy Ass Records, P.O. Box 42382, Portland, OR 97242)

Built to Spill has a two song release out on K records. The A-side, "Joyride," is a little ditty about girls and crashing cars with guitar that sometimes sounds like Shadow Men. (But I forgive them, it actually sounds really cool). The B-side is called "Sick and Wrong," but I can't find anything bad to say about it. (K Records, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507)



Pest's new release, on the other hand, lives up to their name. I like "Blister," it's

clanky and choppy and who can't relate to buying new shoes and suffering from it. The singer also makes a really cool noise at the end of each chorus that sounds like the female version of that noise the guy on tv's *Home Improvement* makes in the show's intro. As for the other two songs, they've been done far too many times before. (Harriet Records, P.O. Box 649, Cambridge, MA, 02238)

Vancouver's Ten Day's Late have released a two songer on their own label. The production is better than their other releases and leaves TDL sounding heavier. "Death Reggae" is so heavy, I love it! Good going girls! My version is a pre-release, I think, so the address will be available on the sleeve when it is available.

A great compilation to check out is called *Amazing Third Channel Phantom* on Cher Doll

Records.

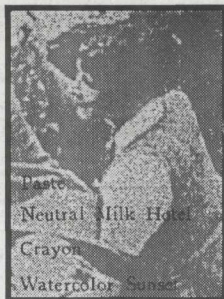
Crayon, Neutral Milk Hotel, Paste and Water Color Sunset all contribute one cool song each. The Crayon song, "Too Much Sugar," sticks out as my favourite for it's more aggressive than usual

Records. (Cher Doll Records, P.O. Box 9609, Seattle, WA, 98109)

Bellingham's Gritty Kitty Records brings us a new Grover seven inch called *Dave Ap-proaches Infinity*. If you haven't noticed, I'm a sucker for cute vocals, and Grover's got 'em! The band also has plenty of fuzzy, happy guitar and feedback. Fresh out of high school, these boys are ready to rock! Sometimes though, the vocals sound very similar to those of Crayon's Brad, but we can't really blame him for his voice. (Gritty Kitty Records, P.O. Box 5145, Bellingham, WA, 98227)

Maybe Sparkmarket's music isn't cute, but Vancouver's kings of hardcore have released two, count 'em two, new seven inches: *Atomos* and *Scallan*. That's fourteen inches of great music right there! Although I haven't a copy in front of me, they are available in stores. All the material coming out is from last summer's recording in New York and will be released with material from the last seven inch on a CD. (P.O. Box 1457 Benoit Centre, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2P7)

Just to destroy my theme of west coast bands, I thought I'd review the new Tsunami release on Virginia's Simple Machines Records. I might just be blind, but I can't find anything bad in this release. I thought it because the cover was interesting, with flags of the world, including Tsunami's very own, as its theme. Unfortunately, the release doesn't live up to the



pretty cover. I don't think it is a good thing that Tsunami are getting slower, and consequently more boring, with each release. What a snoozer!

What better way to finish off than with a wonderful split between Excuse 17 and Lync. Excuse 17 offers two tasty treats, "Imaginary Friend" and "Carson," that are not cute, but genuinely pretty. Each time I listen to Excuse 17 I like them more and

more; two girls sing together, one voice is very melodic and the other screams back ups. The Lync track is called "Firestarter" and it is so catchy, even though the first listen of the vocals sounds too much like Smashing Pumpkins. (That eerie feeling went away with time.) I fell in love with Lync when I heard them on Yoyo Studios' *Jalap* compilation last year, and they don't fail me with this release. Their style has changed since then, but I think it has become better. "Firestarter" has just got me all excited. It's like someone has started a fire underneath me, and the only way to put it out is to boogie my way down to my local record store and buy a copy of my own!

the watchmen

in the trees

featuring "Boneyard Tree"

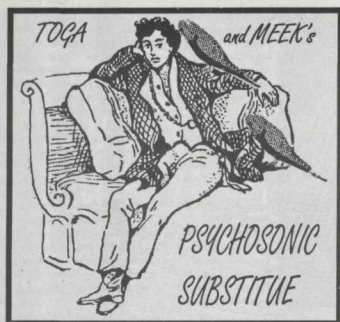
12 tracks of sheer intensity and guitar-fueled energy. In *The Trees* sharpens the focus of a sound that has been finely honed over hundreds of live performances.

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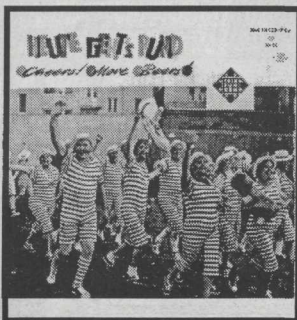
When I heard that Mofo was taking a sabbatical, I knew my chance had come. Since the tender, spotted age of fourteen I had been collecting vinyl like it was going out of style. Then, one day, it did. Since 1990 my record-purchasing venues have become increasingly limited in number but also more bizarre in content.

Whereas I once cruised the bins at Zulu for the latest but one Pogues release or vintage Billy Bragg, the only enticing selections I now come across are more in the vein of *Gracias Por La Musica*, ABBA's Spanish language album. After my classic rock phase (I'm not ashamed to admit it) fizzled out, the biannual Kisilano Community Centre record swap meet held not treasures like *The Best of Cream* but excitement in the guise of *Sing-a-long With A Banjo Song*.

Without further a-doo, here are some of the more dear, and endearing, selections from my collection. In the classic "duelling Mofos" style, my esteemed partner, Meek Walleyed, and I, Toga Bell-Ghana will do our best to emulate His Exaltedness. (If He is reading this and is offended at our thieving of His patented format, we beg forgiveness, understanding, and a quarter.)

MEEK'S SELECTIONS

HEUTE GEHT'S RUND Cheers! More Beers! (????)
You would have to be really drunk to appreciate this one. It's not exactly music to invade Poland by but it would have gone nicely with the Munich



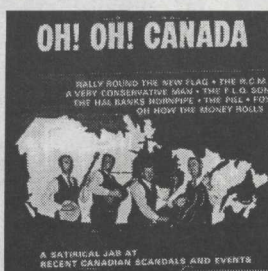
Beerhall putsch. What baffles me most about this album is its cover which features a lot of (presumably German) people with large handlebar moustaches running down the street in straw hats and striped bathing costumes circa 1905. The puzzling part is that they are all women. I'd heard about the abilities of Eastern European women to grow hair in weird and wonderful places but...

Genre: Achtung Baby!
Cheesability Rating: 50 (more limberger than German butter)

STEEL BAND CLASH
Direct from the Caribbean, Three 16-man Oil-Drum Orchestras (???)
If Oktoberfesting is not your style, perhaps you'd rather invite

all your crazy, fun-filled friends down to party on the beach, drink fruity concoctions served with the requisite paper umbrellas, and do the limbo. This nifty disc, subtitled *Savage Dance Music to Awaken the Bullroam Beast*, comes complete with a history of the steel drum. According to the makers of this album, "...the name of steelbandsmen carried connotations of terror for many..." That should make you think twice next time you refuse to tip a steel drum busker down on Granville St.
Genre: We be Jammin'
Cheesability Rating: 20 (This album is great!)

ALAN MILLS
Folk Songs of Newfoundland (Folkways)



Yikes! It's a rapid climate change but the party keeps going. What exactly is there to celebrate in Newfoundland? Yeah! The unemployment rate fell below 30%! Yippeee! We caught a Portuguese poacher! Yeehaw! We get half an hour's jump start on everyone else!

This is actually a serious album with some cool tunes on it, like the "Anti-Confederation Song" ("Come near at your peril, Canadian wolf") but the large proportion of love songs about boats demands its inclusion here.
Genre: I see the by...

Cheesability Rating: 75 (Mild Canadian Cheddar)

THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW
Oh! Oh! Canada (Are)

If the anti-confederation forces had been armed with these songs, Newfoundland would still be independent. Self-styled modern day minstrels, these guys have day-jobs as policemen. They satirize the easiest targets in Canadian culture - Quebec sovereignty and corrupt politicians - rather pathetically. The bash this record would fire up would

be a Reform Party leadership convention.

Genre: Simpler times, simpler folk
Cheesability Rating: 90 (Aged Canadian Cheddar)

MEEK'S PICK O' THE MONTH
How can you go wrong with **GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR** *G'n. Douglas MacArthur: The War Years* 1977?
Hear Mac boast! Hear Mac humiliate the Japanese! Hear Mac fight the goddess communism! Hear Mac become a rambling megalomaniac before your very ears as he urges the escalation of the Korean conflict into a full scale war with China! The only gem missing from this setting is Mac pooding Truman into nuking the Chinese.
Oh, Mac, how can we go on without you?
Genre: Ollie North's top forty
Cheesability Rating: 100

TOGA'S SELECTIONS

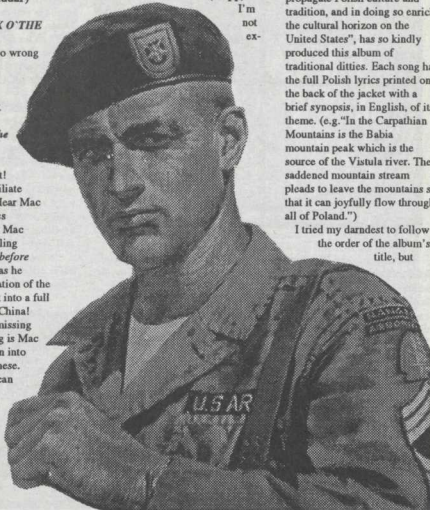
THE ECHO POLISH SINGING SOCIETY

Sing Along with a Polish Song (Kapp)

I'm not ex-

actly sure if this album is aimed at those who already speak (or sing) Polish or those who aspire to. The Echo Polish Singing society, whose aim is "to propagate Polish culture and tradition, and in doing so enrich the cultural horizon on the United States", has so kindly produced this album of traditional ditties. Each song has the full Polish lyrics printed on the back of the jacket with a brief synopsis, in English, of its theme. (e.g. "In the Carpathian Mountains is the Babia mountain peak which is the source of the Vistula river. The saddened mountain stream pleads to leave the mountains so that it can joyfully flow through all of Poland.")

I tried my damndest to follow the order of the album's title, but



Polish is of those languages you have to be pretty drunk to fake.
Genre: Pass the perogies
 Cheesability Rating: 75

BELLE BARTH

In Her New Act, "For Adults Only" (Riot Records)

As recorded live at the El Morocco Club in Montreal, Belle Barth is a Mae West-ish comedienne with a voice and delivery like Don Rickles. Her show had a lot of audience participation that doesn't translate well to an audio-only medium but her scripted bits are surprisingly funny and, yes, quite racy. I think Belle's liner notes sum her up best:

"Belle Barth is an entertainer who stands with one leg in California and the other in New York...and as she says, 'There's a lot of good territory in between...'"
Genre: Did ja get it, honey?
 Cheesability Rating: 60

THE STORY AND HERITAGE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY SPECIAL FORCES (THE

MEN WHO WEAR THE GREEN BERETS
 (Leo the Lion Recordings)
 One of my sentimental favourites, this is the single most pathetically potent (or is that potentially pathetic?) bit of American

propagandizing revisionism that I have ever encountered (No, I don't watch Rush). Lavish praise of the Green Berets is interspersed with dramatic recreations of American conflicts involving heroes whose qualities foreshadowed those of the GB's. Yes, EVERY American conflict previous to the inception of that corporal incarnation of truth and justice known as the US Army Special Forces is included here. According to Don Morrow (or the guys paying him to read this drivel), Paul Revere, Davy Crockett, and His Robustness Teddy Roosevelt were all forerunners of "tough men, hard as the nose cone of a satellite... Professional soldiers trained to get along with any peoples under any circumstances...Men who understand the great gift of democracy and can teach it to others; who can teach others about life and about freedom." Is that before or after they blow you away?
Genre: By jingo!
 Cheesability Rating: 105

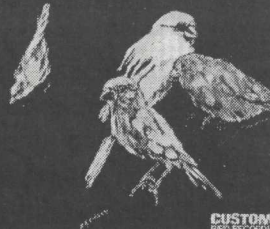
heart belongs to the Green Berets but since Meek already chose a war theme for his pick...
TOGA'S PICK O' THE MONTH
THE SINGING CANARIES
The Training Recording for Your Pet Canaries
 (Custom Bird Records)
PARAKEET PHRASES #2 (7")
 "It's Absolutely Preposterous" b/w "Canaries are Cute, But They Can't Talk"
 (Custom Bird Records)
 According to its cover, the first

trainers as the proper way to train your pet birds. The LP consists of birds making those chirping noises that have driven bird owners insane for centuries accompanied by an organist playing "La Poloma" and "Cielito Lindo." The overall effect is one of being trapped in a country-fair merry-go-round scene of Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*. Very frightening stuff.

Parakeet Phrases #2 is but a 7". That is enough. "Sing" phrases repeated over and over - "The record does the training!" boasts the jacket. Featured are the hit parakeet phrases "It's Absolutely Preposterous!" on side one and "Canaries are Cute But they Can't Talk" on the flip side. Personally, I think there is a secret parakeet network out there and these are the code phrases for "All the money's in the top desk drawer" and "Kill now." All I'm saying is, watch your step.
 Cheesability Rating: 105 1/2

The Singing Canaries

The Training Recording for Your Pet Canaries



CUSTOM BIRD RECORDS

of these two avian albums is "Endorsed by leading bird

It was a tough decision as my

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REAL LIVE ACTION

BANSHEE REEL
Railway Club
July 4

It's finally happened, and I can thankfully say that I'm proud of it. My cherry's been popped; I am no longer on the outside of the action; I am no longer innocent: I have seen a rockin' band, I have gotten stunkin' drunk, I have danced, and I have made a fool of myself for the first time ever at that Vancouver institution, the Railway Club.

I have to admit that I have been to the Railway Club before and I've even danced and gotten drunk there. But it's always been in a somewhat voyeuristic manner. I went to "The Spirit of Christmas", Spirit of the West's formerly annual sing-a-long, but as I had never seen those Celtic North Shore sons at the club in their hey-day, I didn't quite feel I belonged in that swayingly inebriated, joyously songful crowd. (Not that I was barred from participation or in any way

inhibited myself from joining in.) Similarly, when I checked out rockabilly kings, the Ratfled Rooters, my mate and I enjoyed the sets and let the beverages vended get us all riled up, but we still were a little shy about throwing ourselves into the action and dynamic of one of the best venues in this town that has action or a dynamic.

On the now foully remembered night in question, I had no forewarning that anything out of the ordinary would happen. (Isn't that always the way?) I had dropped by one of my favourite watering holes, The Old Spaghetti Factory in Gastown, to quaff with old friends, when I was coerced, by a friend of the band, into seeing a gig at The Railway Club. In a spontaneous mood and not into looting, I went along for a little locomotion.

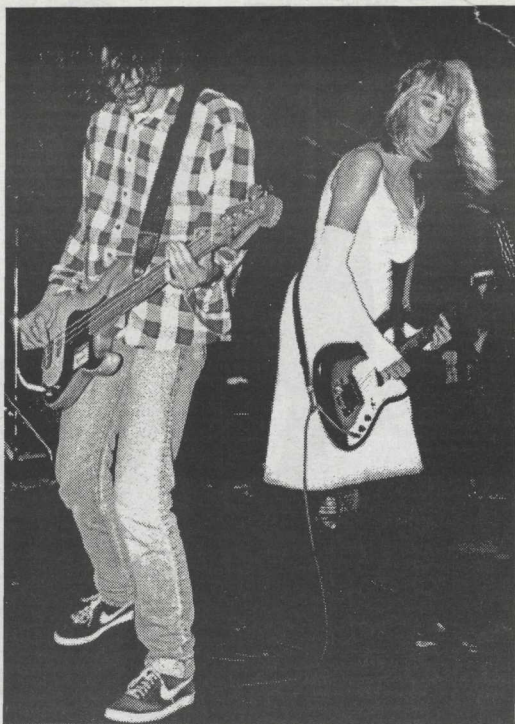
Unlike most situations in my life, I went for a little, I got a lot. Whenever a friend recommends another friend's (or boy/girl

friend's) band, warning vibes shoot through my body. One of the most awkward situations on earth involves seeing shitty bands who are in some way connected with people you know and then having to hold-faced lie about the band's 1) talent; 2) ability to put on a show; and 3) potential. Thank god this was not necessary when I was subjected to that night's performance by Banshee Reel, the up-until-now much ignored subject of this review.

Celtic in sound, spirit and temperament and New Zealanders by nationality, Banshee Reel capture the essence of what I have always thought of as the perfect party music. Judging by their plentiful and thrilling covers, the band's main influences are The Waterboys and The Pogues and they stayed true to their roots throughout their performance. Though they have been overheard to make disparaging remarks about the aforementioned pioneers of Vancouver Celtic rock, Spirit of the West, Banshee Reel can be honest and favourably compared to early versions of that band.

What made my night with Banshee Reel so pleasurable was not so much their infectiously up beat or their exciting stage presence but their ability to work the Railway Club like it should be worked. An early invocation from the (very cute) electric mandolin player got the dance floor hoppin' for the duration of the evening. At the climax of the show, half the band came down off the stage to let their feet boogie with the crowd while their hands kept the reel flying.

I haven't had as much fun at a small-venue gig since the Blarney Stone became an



The Muffs, shak'n their booty, at The Starfish Room.

Photo by Paul Clarke



Banshee Reel, strumming and wailing in the true celtic style, July 4th at the Railway Club.

Photo by Melinda Kneel

overpopulated haven for belligerent frat-boys who think Celtic dancing means doing endless do-ii-do's with drunk big-haired blondes in push-up bras. And, most thrillingly, I finally feel like I've BEEN to the Railway Club.

When Banshee Reel swing back through Vancouver, you can bet I'll be doing it all again. This time, however, I think I'll try to end my evening with my head resting lightly on my warm, soft pillow instead of perched over my cold, hard toilet.

Tania Bolskaya

PANSY DIVISION

Railway Club
July 5

I must confess right away that I have a certain personal fondness for Pansy Division which may somewhat influence my review of their July 5 gig at the Railway Club. Coming from a family which was, and still is, in terminal denial I had a lot of

trouble coming to terms with myself and the fact that I'm gay. (The only thing that was more difficult for me to come to terms with was the realization, upon seeing *Dazed And Confused*, that "Slowdive" is perhaps the greatest song ever recorded.) I became aware of my sexual orientation at roughly the same time that I became aware of my first erection but knowing something does not mean accepting it as the simple reality that it is. I wasted a perfectly good adolescence moping around the house feeling alone and inhuman, a typical casualty of the self-loathing that intolerance (implied or explicit) breeds. By the time I was seventeen I had discovered how well regular drug and alcohol use could excuse my lack of girlfriends and I went into an intense and extended period of experimentation with everything I could get my hands on. I floated into my twenties as an asexual drug fiend until, hopped

up and still unhappy, I slowly lost my taste for oblivion and came to realize that the only way to shake my blues was to accept myself: Las Vegas, flaming homo.

Anyways, to make an already long story a bit shorter, seeing Pansy Division perform live is one of the most hilariously self-affirming experiences a fag, especially an alterna-fag, can have. Mixing together refreshingly honest and genuinely witty lyrics with a catchy pop-punk groove à la the Ramones and Jonathan Richman, Pansy Division are just plain cool. The first time I saw them was at the "Stonewall Was A Riot" showcase during MusicWest. I was instantly hooked; moshing to PD's version of "Smells Like Queer Spirit" with a bunch of other Doe-toit' homos was practically a religious experience. I saw them again a few days later at Automotive (love those MusicWest venues) where I got a chance to play Spot-The-Upright-



The Sweaters, doing it with perspiration, at the Hungry Eye

Photo by Paul Clarke

Straight-Guys, a game made especially easy by the periodic mini-exoduses caused by lyrics such as "He never even stuck a finger up his butt/Just to see how it would feel." Gig number three at the Railway was another searing soiree in the city (despite the absence of the bunny bearing go-go boy who hopped up on stage at the end of Panay Division's last two shows) and I even got a hot date out of the evening. The set list for this show seemed to focus more on material from the band's latest album *Deflowered*, including such new faves as "Groovy Underwear", "James Bondage" and "Fluffy City", a song that should be played at The Odyssey, Celebrities, and every gym in town: "Feel like I landed on another planet/Of clones with gym tits hard as granite./Body fascists rule this land/Where can I find a flat-chested man?/Met a guy, what a joke/He touched his hair and it broke/Conversation was a strain/He crossed his legs and crushed his brain."

The crowd was enthusiastic if a bit small (I guess Ken Dolls have no sense of humour) and I'm pretty sure fun was had by all. It was certainly had by me.

Les Vegas

JOSHUA REDMAN QUARTET

Vogue Theatre
June 26
Joshua Redman's Vancouver debut proved that he deserves all the praise given to him by critics and jazz fans alike. Even though he has only twenty-five years of living behind him, his prowess on the saxophone is as mature as that of his father, Dewey Redman, and his peers.

Redman Jr. and his band, which features Brian Blade on drums, Brad Mehldau on piano, and the most prolific young bass

player on the scene, Christian McBride, played to an enthusiastic sold-out crowd at the Vogue Theatre. Although most musicians of tender years tend to overemphasize their technical ability, Redman's playing reflects the more lyrical and emotional styles of veteran musicians like Dexter Gordon and Ben Webster.

The concert was comprised mainly of the saxophonist's own compositions, but he allowed his accompanists plenty of room to improvise. The ensemble's

performance of "The Deserving of Many", a tune gleaned from his latest album, was impressive. I found his new ballad, "Sweet Sorrow", truly moving.

Not only can Redman captivate his audience with his music, but his stage persona is greatly enhanced by the fact that he seems to be a charming man with a great sense of humour. He expressed to the capacity crowd his surprise and joy that the theatre was packed despite some competition from the (also sold-out) Pink Floyd show taking place the same night.

I left the concert that night thinking that the future of mainstream jazz was in good hands indeed.

Vince Yeh

BIFF NAKED

The Hungry Eye
July 2nd

Okay, I'm drunk now and I was drunk then, so bear with me. First of all, Biff rocked my world. Second, they never should've built the skytrain out to Whalley (or is that Rootin' Tootin' Newton?). Biff was as bodacious as always, despite management's request for a more toned-down version of The Babe. The Hungry Eye was way too hot (note to HIE management: cranking the heat does not sell more booze) but Biff and her entourage (Siobhan, Brian and Russ) coulda melted Georgia asphalt in the iciest of venues. Buy the album or you'll never get laid. If you missed the show, you are a loser. Sorry I had to tell you but that's life.

Melinda Kneel

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Yates with additional tracks on the cassette versions from Mary Margaret O'Hara, Bobby Wiseman and The Pursuit of Happiness



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A V A I L A B L E I N S T O R E S E V E R Y W H E R E



UNDER REVIEW



VARIOUS Punk Rock Volume 1 (Wrong Records)

Hang on to yer toques, sports fans! It's the sounds of the Hanson Brothers sweat-it-all hockey compilation, featuring the sounds of 20 heavy hittin' Canadian icetime favorites. If

you're new to the bone-crunching sounds of the Hansons (two members of Nomeansno) or DOA, or SNFU, then don't be too keen, pencil neck geek - you've got two heavy hits coming your way: one to the boards, then one to the stretcher (lights out, sleepy camper!). Every track on this comprehensive collaboration is dedicated to our new co-official national sport, and each is played with finesse, speed, and old-fashioned grit.

Seriously, though hockey-heads, a medal must be awarded both to the Hanson Brothers for playing so many fine team drafts, and to the sweatsoths themselves - solid tunes from Canadian veterans such as Agf Youth Gang ("Pull Your Goals"), UIC ("Do You Wanna Go?"), Huevos Rancheros ("Gump Worsley's Lament"), cub with DOA fromman/left

winger Joe Stithhead ("Pencil Neck Guck"), and finally, an ode to "Our Stanley Cup" by none other than Vancouver's own Smugglers. It's not enough to start a riot, but it'll get those boys in the suburbs riled up in no time. As Don says, "ya gotta love it!" Sean Raggett

RIDE Carnival of Light (Creation)

Considering that they were just in town, I can't believe that no other newspaper in Vancouver has called them on their rise. What am I talking about? The fact that Pink Floyd have released not one, but two new albums in the last little while. The second, entitled *Carnival of Light*, was released under the pseudonym Ride but is quite obviously Pink Floyd in disguise: one needs only a quick listen to ascertain that this is indeed the work of prog-rock dinosaurs and not of that once innovative and exciting quartet from Oxford who seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth.

The album opens with a meticulously psychedelic tamboura intro which evokes the same

undercurrent of generic mysticism that can be detected on several Floyd releases, followed by a series of ponderous mini-epics which are played with laborious over-competence and a fastidious avoidance of knots. In other words, a classic collection of the insufferably overwrought and pompous pop dirges that Pink Floyd are so adept at creating.

Further evidence of a Floydian presence is found in the list of guests, which includes such cosmic cronies as Deep Purple's Jon Lord, a former manager and lyricist for the Beach Boys, one time Floyd producer John Leckie, and, just in case you need further proof, a boy's school choir.

With song titles such as "Moonlight Medicine," "Endless Road," "Magical Spring," and "Rolling Thunder," plus an accompanying bio that describes the music on the album as "smoky, slow and psychedelic, [a mixing] together of Indian and European music, a druggy chorus, strings, a hint of voodoo, squealing lead guitar and Hammond organ," *Carnival of Light* is obviously a hoax: no one could possibly imagine that this is anything but Pink Floyd.

By the way, does anyone know what ever happened to the real Ride?

Mo Tahoe



SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE Diary (SubPop)

With their newest SubPop release, entitled *Diary*, Sunny Day Real Estate make you question how long it will be before the majors are able to snatch up this band. Never, some would say, but there isn't a label out there that wouldn't love to have this band.

Diary is a collection of 11 songs, most of which are loaded with energy and melody. Two of the stand-out songs are "Seven" and "Shadow", but there are no weak songs here - each track has its own catchy hook, and only occasionally does the band sound derivative or, perhaps, comparable to an unrefined mixture of Seaweed and Soul Asylum.

The music in 'all there is to this package. Gracing the booklet are inventive paintings of Fisher-Price figures by Christopher Thompson which are well worth looking at - almost enough of an excuse to make you want to buy

the CD without even listening to it. Fortunately, the songs are an even better reason.

Brian Wieser

ALPHA YAYA DIALLO Nina (Independent)

If *Nine* is any indication, Alpha Yaya Diallo can more than hold his own on the World Beat stage. I like *Nine* a lot and can't help but be moved by the rhythms contained within. Multi-instrumentalist Diallo, who was born in Guinea, sings and plays in the West African Malinke style. This is of the Jeli caste, and is traditionally performed at weddings or other celebrations. We're talkin' up beat here - the complete antithesis of Morrissey. The songs are not without depth, though. "Yaadu," for example, deals with the adventure and risks involved in travel through and out of Africa. "Djara" tells us of the pain of betrayal and loneliness. How do I know these things? Translations are included with the lyrics. But for me it's the music itself that speaks the loudest - the album is full of hypnotic, traditional rhythms including those of the operet, "Yeke Yeke." Loosely translated, Yeke Yeke refers to a style of being which brings happiness - the mood of *Nine* is set with this tune.

With his band, Bafing, Alpha Yaya Diallo shares his culture with us. With this release, well recorded and co-produced with Kevin (the Bedouins) Finseth, we have that culture at our fingertips. Recommended.

Norm van Rassel

the music falls somewhere in between Seaweed and Green Day, which in my books ain't half bad at all.

As enjoyable as most of these songs truly are, I couldn't help but get a feeling of pretentiousness from the overly serious lyrics. Maybe it's just 'cuz they enclosed a lyric sheet - always a bad move unless you're the Ramones.

Included on the disc is all three tunes from BNU's "7" of 1993 (a move that always pisses me off, since it makes the vinyl basically uncollectible), including the anthemic and perfectly timed "Summertime." For the most part, *Under The Big Top* is another good, solid release from these Town Pump punks.

Grant Lawrence



BLUR Parklife (Food)

I'll be perfectly upfront - I LOVE British pop! I own the books *Marr in His Own Words*, *The Smiths AND Morrissey* and *Marr: The Severed Alliance*, plus I have a huge *The Queen Is Dead* poster beside my bed so I can gaze lovingly on the heroes of wimpy British pop. Well, I would

they're girls/who do girls like they're boys/Always should be someone you really love." What's a boy/girl to do? *Parklife* continues in a very nice XTC-like vein in "Tracy Jacks," a song about a civil servant who loses it. "Clover Over Dover" is a clever retake on the classic World War II song, "The White Cliffs of Dover," but Blur changes it from being a rallying cry to something entirely more morbid: "and now the bluebirds are over the white cliffs of Dover/so when you push me over/don't bury me I'm not worth anything."

As you've probably guessed, Blur are very English, and unabashedly so. With song titles like "Bank Holiday" and "London Loves," and references to spotty teenagers and Walton, a lot of people on this side on the pond might not understand *Parklife*. Like The Smiths, Blur celebrate and criticize English life at the same time.

The fact that the CD also veers from early 60's style pop to a remix of "Girls and Boys" by the Pet Shop Boys could be off putting to some, but I found it a very welcome change from bands that have one sound and stick to it.

June Scudeler



CODEINE The White Birch (Sub Pop)

You know the feeling you get when you stay awake about five hours past your bedtime and then try to fall asleep as the sun rises on another dreary day? Well, if you don't, listen to Codeine. Their latest CD, *The White Birch*, easily evokes this situation.

While well written and enjoyable, the contents of Codeine's latest release are gloomy to say the least, with an energy that is generally subtle with occasional interludes of intensity. There are no straight-laced pop songs here, even though the nine songs on the disc are all similarly melodic, if somewhat repetitive. Actually, this leads to my only criticism: from one track to the next it can be difficult to ascertain that a new song has indeed begun. Every song has general texture, dynamics and similar structure, and this makes me wonder if they know how to write more than just one tune with eight variations. Nevertheless, *The White Birch* is a CD that I intend to listen to many times, the blissful melancholy that it is.

Brian Wieser

BRAND NEW UNIT Under The Big Top (Excursion)

Under The Big Top, the debut album from Vancouver's popular skate-rockers Brand New Unit, contains nine of pop-core tunes legions of baggy clothed kids have enjoyed live for the past couple years. For those unfamiliar with the BNU sound,

if I wasn't blind as a bat without my contacts.

So, what do I think about *Parklife*, the new CD by Blur, who are touted in Britain's *Select* magazine as "the best British bands since The Smiths?" I fuckin' love it!

Parklife starts off with the single, "Girls and Boys," which poses the lyrical conundrum, "Girls who are boys/who like boys to be girls/who do boys like



CHARTS

AUGUST 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 CRAYON	BRICK FACTORY	HARBET
2 ANI DI FRANCO	OUT OF RANGE	RIGHTeous BARE
3 NIRVANA	FUNERAL SESSIONS	PUB POP
4 WEezer	WEZEEr	GEFFEN
5 DOWN BY LAW	PUNKROCKACADAMYFIGHTSONG	EPITAPH
6 PERFUME TREE	THE SUNS RUNNING OUT	ZULU
7 TURMAN	THE HEARTS TREMLO	SIMPLE MACHINES
8 SF SEALS	STILL?	MATADOR
9 NINEMCO	LAB 368	SCRATCH
10 VARIOUS ARTISTS	PICK ROCK VOLUME I	WRONG
11 HOLE	LIVE THROUGH THIS	GEFFEN
12 HEAVENS TO BESEY	CALCULATED	KILL ROCK STARS
13 PAUL I BROSKE & THE WILD SPIRIT	FM OUTTA HERE	DECORD
14 7 YEAR BIRCH	VIVA ZAPATA	CZE
15 VELOCITY GIRL	SMATICO	SUB POP
16 THE FIGGS	LOW-FI AT SOCIETY HIGH	IMAGO
17 VEDA HILL	PATH OF A BODY	BALL OF FLAMES
18 SLANT 5	SODA POP RIP OFF	DISCORD
19 UNWOUND	NEW PLASTIC IDE	KILL ROCK STARS
20 MEDICINE	SOUNDS OF MEDICINE	AMERICAN
21 THURSI HERMIT	SMARTCRAB	MURDER
22 THE GRISTERS	CRAPPYNOVINEGATIVE	SHANGHAI LA
23 VARIOUS ARTISTS	NOT IF I SMELL YOU FIRST	SONIC UNION
24 STRAIN	STRAIN	LSR
25 THE OFFSPRING	SMASH	EPITAPH
26 KING SUNNY ADE	LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE	EMI
27 NINE INCH NAILS	MARCH OF THE PIGS	HALO SEVEN
28 DRIVE LIKE JEHU	YANK CRIME	INTERSCOPE
29 SUPERCHICKERS	LA MANO CORNUDDO	SUB POP
30 P.O.W.E.R.	DEDICATED TO WORLD REVOLUTION	NETWORK
31 SUNBRIN	GOOD SIDE	SCRATCH

32 ALL STAR SCHWAZER BAND	ALL CANADIAN BEEF	RUSTY
33 CLAYMUTABARUKA	MELANIN MAN	SHANACHE
34 BIG SANDY & RY RITE BOYS	JUMPING FROM 6 TO 6	HIGHSTONE
35 THE LEATHER UPPERS	OKAY, DON'T SAY HI. PAST	IT
36 GORNEADGLO	THE SCIENTIFIC SUPERCANE	KILL ROCK STARS
37 MATERIAL ISSUE	FREAK CITY SOUNDTRACK	MERCURY
38 MODERN JAZZ QUARTET	A CELEBRATION	ATLANTIC
39 POOKA	POOKA	WEA
40 MC SFT PAUL & DJ SCOOTER	YOU BIN DISSIN	YO SUCKA
41 CODEINE	THE WHITE BIRCH	SUB POP
42 MALHAWOC	GET DOWN	CARGO
43 LURES	SOME LURES	TAANGS
44 HEAVY VEGETABLE	THE AMAZING UNDERSEA...	HEADHUNTER
45 SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE	DIARY	SUB POP
46 JONATHAN RICHMAN	JONATHAN, TE. VAS A...	MATADOR
47 RANCI	LET'S GO	EPITAPH
48 BARREN WINTER	NETHERLAND I	ETHEREAL DOMINION
49 FRACAS	GRISLY LOBBY DISPLAY	INCINERATE
50 EUGENIUS	MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS	ATLANTIC

JULY 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 ERIC'S TRIP	THE GORDON STREET HAUNTING EP	SUB POP
2 STRAWBERRY / PLUMTREE	ME / GREEN MITTENS 7"	CINAMON TOAST
3 PLUTO	DEATHSTAR 7"	MINI
4 JALE	PROMISE 7"	SUB POP
5 NEW BOMB TURNS	IM WEAK 7"	GET HIP
6 JOAN JETT	SPINSTER 7"	BLACK HEART
7 VARIOUS ARTISTS	SMELL YA LATER 7"	SONIC UNION
8 EXECUTIONERS	1493 STEPS TO MY HOME 7"	EMPTY
9 PEST	PHILOSOPHICALLY DYSEXIC 7"	HARBET
10 REDD KROSS	VISIONARY 7"	POLYGRAM
11 BUILT TO SPILL	JOYRIDE 7"	K
12 NEW BAD THINGS	HEAR IT UP 7"	CANDY ASS
13 TORAMOS	CORNELIAKE GIRL EP	ATLANTIC
14 BLUR	GIRLS & BOYS EP	FOOD
15 DUB NARCOTIC	DECO PLUNK 7"	K
16 GAS HUFFER	THE SHRILL BEEPS OF SHIMP 7"	EMPTY
17 10 DAYS LATE	GETAWAY 7"	KLARK
18 EXCISE CERVENKA	WORDCROSS 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
19 ERIC'S TRIP	WARM GIRL 7"	DERIVATIVE
20 PAVEMENT	CUT YOUR HAIR EP	MATADOR
21 MOONROCKET	SPACED ODD DITIES 7"	SAPPY
22 PAT MENEY	ZERO TOLERANCE FOR SILENCE EP	GEFFEN
23 HUEVOS.../MAN OR ASTRO..?	SLIT 7"	GET HIP
24 SMOG	A HIT 7"	DRAG CITY
25 BITE	CANER 7"	DERIVATIVE
26 MONOPOLY QUEEN	MONOPOLY QUEEN 7"	SUB POP
27 DYER	LETTERBOX 7"	PAINTBOX
28 VARIOUS ARTISTS	OCCUPANCY INGRESSANTS... 7"	TRACKSHUN
29 BAG PIPE OPERATION	OF MELODY LANE 7"	HARBET
30 DESK	ASTRONAUTS 7"	SLOW RIVER
31 KING FROG	(TORBORI) 7"	GRITTY KITTY
32 VARIOUS ARTISTS	YOUTH ON FIRE 7"	CANDY ASS
33 GROVER	DAVE APPROACHES INFINITY 7"	GRITTY KITTY
34 MIND GRIND	DEDICATED TO DUNCAN 7"	INDEPENDENT
35 GOLDENRODS	LESBIAN NATION 7"	HARP

JULY 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 MEET DASY	ELOTS SHAPE
2 SPEEDBUGGY	WEAT JEANS
3 PET	SUGAR
4 GAZE	SEA MONKEYS DE
5 10 DAYS LATE	GETAWAY
6 KID CHAMPION	LUMINITIES
7 TATTLE TALE	A GIRL'S TOOLBOX
8 FLAMENCO A GO GO	NO SMILE
9 KREVISS	EXPOSE
10 REAL MCKENZIES	HAGGIESSES
11 WANDERING LUCY	TAPE
12 SISTER LOVERS	RETALIN KIDZ
13 NC 17	TRINITY-BELLWOODS
14 WHEAT CHEFS	EVERYTHING
15 TIGER BEAT	BOUCHETS AND KESSES
16 MARK	SPRINGS CHICKEN
17 IMPALOR	I CROSSED THE FJORS FOR YOU
18 GROVER FUR	I LIKE YOU
19 STOVEBOLT	DEAD FUCKER
20 GOOD HORSEY	HOW OSWALD BASTABLE RUINED MY LIFE
21 DBS	SOLITAIRE
22 KNOULE	P I
23 NERDY GIRL	TAPE
24 BLAISE PASCAL	SPOILIGHT KIDZ
25 DEPROGRAMMERS	FREEDUMB
26 HUGO	CITY HALL
27 ERIC ESTRADA AND THE VELOUR NATION	DORK
28 BOLT	AMERICAN MEAT CLUB
29 DAM	GARDEN OF THE SUN
30 LUDDITES	DREEMIN UN TV NITE

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 TECHNO NATIONS II	THE MIND TRIP LP	KICKIN/JUK
2 UNION JACK	TWO FULL MOONS & A TROUT	REING HIGH/UK
3 YOKOTA	PANIC WAVES	HARTHOUSE/GERMANY
4 HEXAGONE	BURNING TRASH FLOOR	DJAX/NETHERLANDS
5 DJ UNCLE REVER	012 EP	?
6 WHITE LABEL	TR 303	IMPORTANT/GERMANY
7 WHITE LABEL	BAGPIPES IN EFFECT	KICKMAN/GERMANY
8 PSYCHIC TV	PAINOLLER	TELEPATHIC/USA
9 VARIOUS	SHARK TRAX	RISING HIGH/UK
10 SONIC SOLUTION	TURBULENCE	RAS/BELGIUM

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A SMALL RAY OF LIGHT

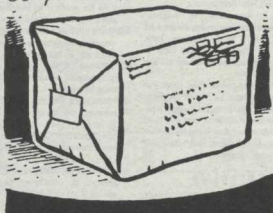
Words: Sara

Pictures: Julian

AS USUAL, I WAS SITTING AT HOME WAITING FOR THE MAIL TO COME. I LEAPED UP WHEN I HEARD THE STEPS OF THE MAILMAN FADING AWAY.---



LO AND BEHOLD, IN THE VESTIBULE WAS A CAREFULLY WRAPPED BOX; LARGISH---



GLEEFULLY I TORE IT OPEN AND WHAT SHOULD I FIND INSIDE? WHY A BEAUTIFUL ANTIQUE TYPE WRITER AND A SLIM PURPLE VOLUME ENTITLED "A SMALL RAY OF LIGHT" BY JOHN EGBERT TURNER.



THE NAME RANG A BELL, BUT I COULDN'T QUITE PLACE IT. I GLANCED AT THE BLURBS ON THE BACK.



The theories and conclusions in this book are based on the existence of intelligent life elsewhere than in this particular solar system. In all probability, a higher order of life goes back so far in time as to defy human imagination and occurs in so many places as to be infinite. In considering the reality of such life we have a solid base on which to start.

WE ARE HERE NOW.

JOHN EGBERT TURNER -- ? AH YES! MY GREAT UNCLE JACK, RECENTLY DECEASED. I HAD MET HIM ONLY ONCE, WHEN I WAS FIVE.



HE WAS VERY OLD AND ATE AT THE WHITE SPOT EVERY DAY-- I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT GREAT UNCLE JACK'S JAGUAR CAR---



--AND HIS WIFE BRIGIT WHO WAS MUCH YOUNGER AND DIED IN A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.



CURIOUS. ENCLOSED IN THE BOOK WAS A LETTER. IT BEGAN LIKE THIS--

Dear Sara

This book is the culmination of the past few years of musings and observations on the nature of the Universe. But time and tide wait for no man; A Small Ray of Light is the only part of me that remains behind. I only wish it could've been more.

I have requested that a copy of the book be sent

to every single library and institution of learning in North America, as well as to all of my relatives. Most of them completely respect my ideas, I know, but I have a good feeling about you. Young people have got to be aware of the possibilities of complete mind reading. We have been under the surveillance of a Super Civilization since the beginning of life on this planet.

Be warned! There are forces of unbounded evil at work on this planet and it

is up to young people to do something about it. Great perils and bloodshed await humanity in the next century but don't despair, when that time arrives help will be forthcoming.



TO BE CONTINUED



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SQUELCH

Squelch



Upbeat, sing-a-long punk rock melodies. So c'mon feel the noise and play it loud.

THE MCRACKINS

Eggs in Space



The most mysterious band in the land! Canada's newest pop/punk sensations serve it up à la the Ramones and Goo Goo Dolls on their 20-song fun-filled debut. A soon-to-be classic from those lovable eggs themselves, Fil, Bil & Tommy McRackin!

CINNAMON

Weird Planet



Cinnamon is a naked, electric trip to Venus on the Partridge Family bus...if you don't buy it, you will probably die.

ORACLE II

Tournament of Evolutionary...



An excellent new album featuring a mix of tribal, trance and house. Look for Oracle II's second full length, *Walking Common Ground*, for a completely new turn in electronic music.

TCHKUNG

Tchkung



"...A savage ritual of musical damage."
"...A chaotic barrage of powerful percussion and primal howling."
"A straight guy pressed against my ass from behind. If this is the effect of Tchkung, break out the CD's!"

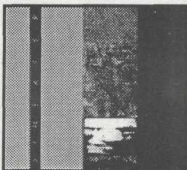
THE INTERESTING FOUR

Smell the Glove



- a) From the band who did everything. First!
- b) The underdog punk kings of the 21st century - Sid Vicious through my sister's Ouija board
- c) "Genius...pure genius" -Wyle E. Coyote

SINEATER



Recorded at Doubletime Studios in San Diego, this two song 7"EP rips with punk rock power. Hailing from the thriving rock mecca of Kamloops, B.C., this is a must have for your collection. Check these guys out live whenever and wherever possible.

VARIOUS

Dare to Be Aware



16 great bands, 1 great cause - so what are you waiting for?
A benefit for Battered Women's Shelter in B.C.

TEXTURE

Texture



Dreamy, melodic, alternative pop. Ethereal vocal patterns and haunting guitar lines create *Texture's* layered sound. Inspired by: Lush, The Cure, Cocteau Twins, The Smiths...
Performing: August 10th, The Towp Pump

HOW NOW LAU & DJ MURTLE

Rappin' Soopah Funk Show



"No stunts, no blunts, no fronts. I love this group."
-Tipper Gore
"I'm jealous and scared. My son should not hear this."
-Ice T's mom
"I got your mom in a cage."
-Regan Payne

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L7

* Hungry for Stink

Shootin' from the hip with their third full-length, barn-burnin' release, L7 rage through a set of tunes visceral enough to make you *Hungry for Stink!* Catch these riff-queens on the *Lollapalooza* main stage later this month.

● 14.98 ☎ 9.98

Bob Mould

* Poison Years

Bob Mould was once a spearhead for North American hardcore, but not until the split of the absurdly influential *Husker Du* and the release of his solo albums was he truly appreciated. *Poison Years* is Bob Mould's quintessential greatest hits collection and a chronicle of one of the post-punk generation's unsung lyrical heroes. Five live tracks, including Richard Thompson's *Shout Out The Lights*, make this an enticing release for anyone truly appreciative of sincerity and finely-crafted songwriting.

● 16.98

Jale

* Dreamcake

This debut release from recent Sub-Pop signees Jale reflects the new diversity in that label's roster, and their continuing love of Canada's maritimes. Hailing from Halifax, this foursome (all female, if that matters) deliver well-crafted, guitar-driven pop tunes with sweet and captivating lyrics you can actually hear. Drop into Zulu today for a slice of *Dreamcake* — you'll be glad you did.

● 16.98 ☎ 10.98

Hardware

* Third Eye Open

Third Eye Open is a hard blues/rock powerhouse featuring drummer Buddy Miles, bassist extraordinaire Boots Collins, and guitarist Steve Salas, with all three sharing vocal chores. Sounds from the 70's meet sounds of the 90's with elements of Band of Gypsies and Parliament/Funkadelic thrown in for a heavy rock/soul context.

● 16.98

Halo Benders

* God Don't Make No Junk

God don't make no junk and neither do the Halo Benders. This is a supercool, superswingin', hit your head, crash in bed, jump up smilin', don't call me pappy, cruise the beach, don't bug me teach, my ears feel fine, my baby's all mine kinda record. Great songs by Calvin (Beat Happening) and Dug (Built To Spill/Treepop) that'll really groove on you, baby!

● 16.98 ☎ 10.98

Zillartion

* Lord of the Harvest

Lord of the Harvest is the creation of Boots Collins and Bill Lawwell. Designed as a vehicle for radical extrapolations of funk into the virgin territories of ambient, hardcore, techno, and beyond. *Zillartion* also features Praxis bandmates Bernie Worrell on keyboards, and Buckethed on guitar. Unbelievably monstrous, this release makes Infectious Grooves sound like the Jackson 5.

● 16.98

Various

* DGC Rarities

Summer is here and in full swing, but it looks like David Geffen's been doing some late spring cleaning. He's been opening the vaults and finding a whole slew of great stuff that somebody must've forgotten about. This paydirt includes some really cool unreleased gems from the amazing likes of Sonie Youth, Beck, Nirvana, Teenage Fanclub, Sloan, and others. Kinda makes you wish David would clean out his rooms more often.

● 12.98

Magnapop

* Hot Boxing

What do you get when you combine infectious pop melodies with a sweet, sexy female voice? *The Breeders' Belly?* Maybe, but you also could wind up with Georgia's very own MagnaPop. *Hot Boxing*, the follow up to their self-titled debut album, is produced by Sugar's Bob Mould, giving this band's great hooks a bit of an edge that just might make this your favorite pop album of the summer!

● 16.98 ☎ 10.98

Nova Mob

* Nova Mob

Grant Hart, the other half of the *Husker Du* lyrical genius, went on to a not-so-lucrative solo career after the Du's demise but all that could change with *Nova Mob's* newest release. This album has *Nova Mob* nourishing the Restless label with an album's worth of new but familiar songs — familiar in the sense that they're indelibly stamped with Grant Hart's prior work — and some genuine surprises (horn's?).

● 14.98 ☎ 10.98

NOFX

* Punk in Drublic

Question:

NOFX's newest release is...

- more punk than you;
- an uglier version of the Offspring;
- tongue-in-cheek, out-of-a-dirty-can, sloppy, SoCal pop; or
- a must-have summer release.

Answer:

Punk in Drublic is all of the above.

● 14.98 ☎ 9.98

COUPON TIME

Summer can only mean one thing to the true music fan — a chance to jump in the car, crank the tunes, and cruise down the street inflicting your musical tastes on everyone else. To facilitate this cathartic release Zulu is offering you, through the use of this handy clip-out coupon, a chance to get a free used cassette when you buy a used cassette of equal or greater value. Offer expires August 31, 1994, one coupon per customer. Tapes are guaranteed trouble-free.

"Express thyself, say something loudly!" N. CINE

Used Tape Sale

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READ ME

Did you know...?

Zulu stocks a fine selection of some of the leading music-related magazines from North America, and beyond this continent. Mojo, Flipside, NME, The Face, Q, Puncture, Maximum Rock'n'Roll, The Chart, Option, Alternative Press, and Melody Maker, to name but a few, come in and take their place next to periodical oddities, rarities, and classics like *BOING BOING* and *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*. Expand your mind, broaden your horizons, exercise your eyes, feed your brain, and pump some ions. It's good for you. Make room proud.

info

All sale prices are in effect until August 31, 1994

●=cd

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